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LAST THOUGHTS.

Have they told thee I am dying?
Careless world, careless world!
Have thy proud lips scarce replying
The dirge notes backward hurled,
Saying, with a scornful smile:
"She was fair a little while—
Courted! but she had her day;
There's no need that she should stay
I have nought for her to do,
Amid all my glittering crew:
'Tis well that she is dying!"

Have they told ye I am dying?
Summer friends, summer friends!
Have ye made pretence at sighing
O'er the weary life that ends;
Have ye said with feigned sorrow;
"May she have a brighter morrow
She has not joined us long
In mirth, or dance, or song.
Her bloom is on the wane;
Her eyes are dimmed with pain:
'Tis well that she is dying!"

Have they told thee I am dying?
Gentle friend, gentle friend!
Will thy sweet spirit sighing
One tender message send;
Dost say with tearful eye
Raised to the quiet sky:
"God assuage the fever-thirst
Her earthly dreams have nurst,
And bathe that aching brow
Where living waters flow:
God help her!—she is dying."

Have they told thee I am dying?
Heart estranged, heart estranged!
And dost thou turn in sighing
To old times long since changed;
Dost say with blushing cheek:
"She was young, and very weak;
Though it wrung my heart to leave her—
Though she wronged me, I forgive her
Many deathless memories
Paint her with such gentle eyes,
My lost love who is dying."

Have they told thee I am dying?
Mother blest, mother blest!
Have they told thee I am dying?
With weary heart and breast
Dost say to angels round:
"The child I lost is found.
I've left her, ah! too long,
'Mid earthly harm and wrong.
There is no place for her
'Mid all life's busy stir;
We'll give her welcome here,
So far from grief and fear;
'Tis well that she is dying!"

M. L. P.

Original Novelet.

JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penn.]

CHAPTER XVI.

At Albany, Mr. Hendrickson found Miss Arden awaiting him. The warmth of her reception showed that he was more in her eyes than a pleasant friend. And in his regard she held the highest place—save one.

The meeting with Mrs. Dexter at Newport was unfortunate. Hendrickson had looked right down into her heart; reading a page, the writing on which she would have died rather than revealed. Her pure regard for him was her own deeply hidden secret. It was a lamp burning in the sepulchre of buried hope. She could no more extinguish the sacred fire than quench her own existence.

But thrown suddenly off her guard, she had betrayed this secret to unlawful eyes. Hendrickson had read it. And she too had read his heart. After the lapse of more than a year they had met; and without wrong on either side had acknowledged a mutual, inextinguishable love.

"You are not well, Mr. Hendrickson." Many times, and with undisguised concern, was this said by Miss Arden, during the journey to Niagara.

"Only a slight headache;" or, "I'm well enough, but feel dull;" or, "The trip from Newport fatigued me," would be answered, and an effort made to be more companionable. But the task was difficult, and the position in which the young man found himself particularly embarrassing. His thoughts were not with Miss Arden, but with Mrs. Dexter. Before the unexpected meeting at Newport, he had believed himself so far released from that entanglement of the heart, as to be free to make honorable advances to Miss Arden. But he saw his error now. With him marriage was something more than a good matrimonial arrangement, in which parties secured external advantages. To love Miss Arden better than any other living woman, he now saw to be impossible—and unless he could so love her, he dared not marry her. That was risking a great deal too much. His position became, therefore, an embarrassing one. Her brother was an old friend. They had been college companions. The sister he had known for some years, but had never been particularly interested in her until within a few months. Distancing his observation, her mind had matured; and the graces of art, education and accomplishment, had thrown their winning attractions around her. First, almost as a brother, he began to feel proud of her beauty and intelligence; admiration followed, and, before he was aware of the tendency of his feelings, they had taken on a warmer than fraternal glow.

All things tended to encourage this incipient regard; and, as Miss Arden herself favored it, and ever turned towards Hendrickson the sunniest side of her character, he found himself drawn onwards almost imperceptibly; and had even begun to think seriously of her as his wife, when the meeting with Mrs. Dexter revealed the existence of sentiments on both sides that gave the whole subject a new aspect.

A very difficult problem now presented itself to the mind of Mr. Hendrickson, involving questions of duty, questions of honor, and questions of feeling. It is not surprising that Miss Arden found a change in her travelling companion, nor that her visit to Niagara proved altogether unsatisfactory. No one could have been kindlier, more attentive, or more studious to make her visit attractive. But his careful avoidance of all compliments, and the absence of every thing lover-like, gave her heart the alarm. It was in vain that she put forth every chaste, womanly allurement; his eyes did not brighten, nor his cheeks glow, nor his tones become warmer. He was not to be driven from the citadel of his honor. A weaker, more selfish, and more external man, would have yielded. But Hendrickson, like the woman he had lost, was not made of "common clay," nor cast in any of humanity's ruder moulds. He was of purer essence and higher spiritual organization than the masses; and principle had now quite as much to do with his actions as feeling. He could be a martyr, but not a villain.

Two days were spent at Niagara, and then Hendrickson and Miss Arden returned, and went to Saratoga. It did not, of course, escape the notice of Hendrickson, that his manner to his travelling companion was effecting a steady change in her spirits; and he was not lacking in perception as to the cause. It revealed to him the sincerity of her regard; but added to the pain from which he was suffering, increasing it almost to the point where endurance fails.

It was a relief to Hendrickson when he was able to place Miss Arden under the care of her mother, who had remained at Saratoga. On the evening after his arrival, he was sitting alone in one of the drawing rooms, when a lady crossed from the other side, and joined another lady near him.

"Mrs. De Lisle," said the latter, as she arose.

"Good evening, Mrs. Anthony!" and the ladies sat down together.

"I have just received a sad letter from Newport," said Mrs. De Lisle.

"Indeed! What has happened there?"

"Our sweet young friend is dangerously ill."

"Who? Mrs. Dexter?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. De Lisle! She was in perfect health, to all appearance, when she left here."

"So I thought. But she has suddenly been stricken down with a brain fever, and her physicians regard her condition as most critical."

"You distress me beyond measure!" said Mrs. Anthony.

[illegible] attendance; and that they report her case as dangerous in the extreme. I did not intend going there until next week, but, unless my husband strongly objects, I will leave to-morrow. Good nursing is quite as essential as medical skill."

"Go, by all means, if you can," replied Mrs. Anthony. "Dear child! I shouldn't wonder if that jealous husband of hers had done something to induce this attack. Brain fevers don't come on without mental excitement of some kind. I can't bear him; and I believe, if the truth were known, it would be found that she hates the very sight of him. He's a man made of money; and that's saying the best that can be said. As to qualities of the mind and heart, she ranks, in all things, his superior. What a sacrifice of all that such a woman holds dear must have been made when she consented to become the wedded wife of Leon Dexter!"

Hendrickson heard no more, for a third party coming up at the moment, led to a change in the conversation. At the same instant Mrs. Arden and her daughter entered the room, and he arose and stepped forward to meet them.

"How pale you look, Mr. Hendrickson!" said Mrs. Arden, with concern. "Are you not well?"

"I have not felt as bright as usual, for some days," he answered, trying to force a smile, but without success. "Your daughter has, no doubt, already informed you that I proved myself one of the dullest of travelling companions."

"Oh, no," Miss Arden spoke up quickly. "Ma knows that I gave you credit for being exceedingly agreeable. But, indeed, Mr. Hendrickson, you look ill."

"I am slightly indisposed," he answered, "and with your leave will retire to my room. I shall feel better after lying down."

"Go by all means," said Mrs. Arden.

Hendrickson bowed low, and, passing them, left the parlor almost hurriedly.

"Dangerously ill! A brain fever!" he said aloud, as he gained his own apartment and shut the door behind him. He was deeply disturbed. That their unexpected meeting had something to do with this sudden sickness he now felt sure. Her strong though quickly controlled agitation he had seen; it was a revelation never to be forgotten; and showed the existence of a state of feeling in regard to her husband which must render her very existence a burden. That she was closely watched, he had seen, as well as heard. And it did not appear to him improbable considering the spirit he had observed her display, that coincident with his departure from Newport, some jealous accusations had been made, half maddening her spirit, and stunning her brain with excitement.

"Angel in the keeping of a fiend!" he exclaimed, as imagination drew improbable scenes of persecution. "How my heart aches for you—yearns towards you—longs for the dear privilege of making all your paths smooth and fragrant; all your hours golden winged; all your states peaceful! How precious you are to me! Precious as my own soul—dear counterpart! loving complement! Vain, as your own strife with yourself, has been my strife. The burden has been too heavy for us; the ordeal too fiery. My brain grows wild at thought of this terrible wrong."

The image of Miss Arden flitted before him.

"Beautiful—loving—pure!" he said, "I might win you for my bride; but will not so wrong you as to offer a divided heart. All things forbid!"

Mr. Hendrickson did not leave his room that evening. At ten o'clock a servant knocked at his door. Mrs. Arden had sent her compliments, and desired to know if he were better than when he left her?

"Much better," he answered; and the servant departed.

Midnight found him still in strife with himself. Now he walked the floor in visible agitation; and now sat motionless, with head bowed, and arms folded across his bosom. The impression of sleep was far from his overwrought brain. One thing he decided, and that was to leave Saratoga by the earliest morning train, and go with all possible haste to Newport. Suspense in regard to Mrs. Dexter he felt it would be impossible for him to bear.

"But what right have you to take all this interest in a woman who is another's lawful wife?" he asked, in the effort to stem the tide of his feelings.

"I will not stop to debate questions of right," so he answered within his own thoughts. "She is the wife of another, and I would die rather than stain her pure escutcheon with a thought of dishonor. I cease to love her when I imagine her capable of being false, in even the smallest act, to her marriage vows. But the right to love, Heaven gave me when my soul was created to make one with hers. I will keep myself pure that I may remain worthy of her."

On the evening of the next day Hendrickson arrived at Newport. Almost the first man he encountered was Dexter.

"How is Mrs. Dexter?" he asked, forgetting in his anxiety and suspense the relation he bore to this man. His eager inquiry met a cold response accompanied by a scowl.

"I am not aware that you have any particular interest in Mrs. Dexter!"

And the angry husband turned from him abruptly.

"How unfortunate!" Hendrickson said to himself as he passed.

At the office he put the same inquiry.

"Very ill," was the answer.

"Is she thought to be dangerous?"

"I believe so."

Beyond this he gained no further intelligence from the clerk. A little while afterwards he saw Mrs. Florence in one of the saloons, and joined her immediately. From her he learned that Mrs. Dexter remained wholly unconscious, but that the physicians regarded her symptoms as favorable.

"Do they think her out *of danger?*" he asked, with more interest in his manner than he wished to betray.

"Yes."

He could scarcely withhold an exclamation.

"What do you think, madam?" he inquired.

"I cannot see deeper than a physician," she answered. "But my observation does not in anything gainsay the opinion which has been expressed. I am encouraged to hope for recovery."

"Do you remain here any time?"

"I shall not leave until I see Mrs. Dexter on the safe side and in good hands," was replied.

"Have you heard any reason assigned for this fearful attack?" inquired Hendrickson.

Mrs. Florence shook her head.

Not caring to manifest an interest in Mrs. Dexter that might attract attention, or occasion comment, Hendrickson dropped the subject. During the evening he threw himself in the way of the physician, and gathered all he desired to know from him. The report was so favorable that he determined to leave Newport by the midnight boat for New York and return home, which he accordingly did.

CHAPTER XVII.

The season at Newport closed, and the summer birds of fashion flitted away. But Mrs. Dexter still remained, and in a feeble condition. It was as late as November before the physician in attendance would consent to her removal. She was then taken home, but so changed that even her nearest friends failed to recognise in her wan, sad, dreary face, anything of its old expression.

No man could have been kinder—no man could have lavished warmer attentions on another than were lavished on his wife by Mr. Dexter. With love-like assiduity, he sought to awaken her feelings to some interest in life; not tiring, though she remained as coldly passive as marble. But she gave him back no sign. There was neither self-will, perverseness, nor antagonism, in this; but paralysis instead. Emotion had died.

It was Christmas before Mrs. Dexter left her room—and then she was so weak as to need a supporting arm. Tonics only were administered by her physician; but if they acted at all, it was so feebly that scarcely any good result appeared. The cause of weakness lay far beyond the reach of his medicines.

With the slow return of bodily strength and mental activity, was developed in the mind of Mrs. Dexter a feeling of repugnance to her husband that went on increasing. She did not struggle against this feeling, because she knew, by instinct, that all resistance would be vain. It was something over which she could not possibly have control; the stern protest of nature against an alliance unblessed by love.

One day, during mid-winter, her best friend, Mrs. De Lisle, in making one of her usual visits, found her sitting alone, and in tears. It was the first sign of struggling emotion that she had yet seen, and she gladly recognized the tokens of returning life.

"Showers for the heart," she said, almost smiling, as she kissed the pale invalid. "May the green grass and the sweet smiling violet soon appear."

Mrs. Dexter did not reply, but with unusual signs of feeling, hid her face in the garments of her friend.

"How are you to-day?" asked Mrs. De Lisle, after she had given time for emotion to subside.

"About as usual," was answered, and Mrs. Dexter, looked with regaining calmness into her face.

"I have not seen you so disturbed for weeks," said Mrs. De Lisle.

"I have not felt so wild a strife in my soul for months," was answered. "Oh, that I could die! It was this prayer that unlocked the long closed fountain of tears."

"With God are the issues of life," said Mrs. De Lisle. "We must each of us wait His good time—patiently, hopefully, self-denyingly wait."

"I know! I know!" replied Mrs. Dexter. "But I cannot look along the way that lies before me without a shudder. The path is too difficult."

"You will surely receive strength."

"I would rather die!" A slight convulsion ran through her frame.

"Don't look into the future, dear young friend! Only to-day's duties are required; and strength ever comes with the duty."

"Not even God can give strength for mine!" said Mrs. Dexter, almost wildly.

"Hush! hush! the thought is impious," Mrs De Lisle spoke in warning tones.

"Not impious, but true. God did not lay these heavy burdens on me. My own hands placed them there. If I drag a pillar down upon myself, will God make my bones iron so that they shall not be broken? No, Mrs. De Lisle; there is only one hope for me, and that is in death; and I pray for it daily."

"You state the case too strongly," said Mrs. De Lisle. "God provides as well as provides. His providence determining what is best for us; and His providence counteracts our ignorance, self-will, or evil purposes, and saves us from the destruction we would blindly meet. He never permits any act in His creatures, for which He does not provide an agency that turns the evil that would follow into good. Your case is parallel to thousands. As a free woman, you took this most important step. God could not have prevented it without destroying that freedom which constitutes your individuality, and makes you a recipient of life from Him. But He can sustain you in the duties and trials you have assumed; and He will do it, if you permit Him to substitute His divine strength for your human weakness. In all trial, affliction, calamity, suffering, there is a germ of angelic life. It is *through much tribulation that the Kingdom of* Heaven is gained. Some spirits require intenser fires for purification than others; and yours may be of this genus. God is the refiner and the purifier; and He will not suffer any of the gold and silver to be lost. Dear friend! do not shrink away from the ordeal."

"I am not strong enough yet." It was all the reply Mrs. Dexter made. Her voice was mournful in the extreme.

"Wait for strength. As your day is, so shall it be."

Mrs. Dexter shook her head.

"What more can I say?" Mrs. De Lisle spoke almost sadly, for she could not see that her earnestly spoken counsel had wrought any good effect.

"Nothing! nothing! dear friend!" answered Mrs. Dexter, still very mournfully.

A little while she was silent; and seemed in debate with herself. At length she said,

"Dear Mrs. De Lisle! to you I have unveiled my heart more than to any other human being. And I am constrained to draw the veil a little farther aside. To speak will give relief; and as you are wiser, help may come. At Saratoga, I confided to you something on that most delicate of all subjects, my feelings towards my husband. I have yet more to say! Shall I go farther in these painful, almost forbidden revelations?"

"Say on," was the answer, "I shall listen with no vain curiosity."

"I am conscious," Mrs. Dexter began, "of a new feeling towards my husband. I call it new, for if only the fuller development of an old impression, it has all the vividness of a new born emotion. Before my illness, I saw many things in him to which I could attach myself; and I was successful, in a great measure, in depressing what was repellant, and in magnifying the attractive. But now I seem to have been gifted with a faculty of sight that enables me to look through the surface as if it were only transparent glass; and I see qualities, dispositions, affections, and tendencies, against which all my soul revolts. I do not say that they are evil; but they are all of the earth earthy. Nor do I claim to be purer and better than he is—only so different, that I prefer death to union. It is in vain to struggle against my feelings, and I have ceased to struggle."

"You are still weak in body and mind," answered Mrs. De Lisle. "All the pulses of returning life are feeble. Do not attempt this struggle now."

"It must be now, or never," was returned. "The current is bearing me away. A little while, and the most agonizing strife with wave and tempest will prove of no avail."

"Look aloft, dear friend! Look aloft!" said Mrs. De Lisle. "Do not listen to the maddening dash of waters below, nor gaze at the shuddering bark; but upwards, through cloud-rifts, into heaven!"

"I have tried to look upwards—I *have* looked upwards—but the sight of heaven only makes earth more terrible by contrast."

"Who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?" asked Mrs. De Lisle, in a deep, earnest voice. A pause, and then—"They who have come up through great tribulation! Think of this, dear friend. Heaven may be beautiful in your eyes, but the way to heaven is by earthly paths. You cannot get there, except by the way of duty; and your duty is not to turn away from, but to your husband, in the fulfillment of your marriage vows—to the letter. I say nothing of the spirit, but the letter of this law you must keep. Mr. Dexter is not an evil-minded man. He is a good citizen, and desires to be a good husband. His life, to the world, is irreproachable. The want of harmony in taste, feeling and character, is no reason for disseverance. You cannot leave him, and be guiltless in the eyes of God or man."

"I did not speak of leaving him," said Mrs. Dexter, looking up strangely into the face of Mrs. De Lisle.

"But you have thought of it," was answered. A flush dyed the pale face of Mrs. Dexter. "Oh, my friend, beware of evil counsellors! Mrs. Anthony—"

"Has never looked into my heart. It is shut and fastened with clasps of iron when she is near," returned Mrs. Dexter.

"The presence of such a woman suggests rebellion," said Mrs. De Lisle; "her thoughts are communicated by another way than speech. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps it is. I feel the spirit of antagonism rising whenever I am with her. I grow restive—impatient of these bonds—indignant towards my husband; though the subject is never mentioned."

"Be on your guard against her, my young friend. Her principles are not religiously sound. This I say to you, because duty requires me to say it. Placed in your position, and with your feelings towards her husband, if no personal and selfish consideration came in to restrain her, she would not hesitate at separation—nay, I fear, not even at a guilty compact with another."

"You shock me!" said Mrs. Dexter.

"I speak to you my real sentiments; and in warning. In your present state of mind, be very reserved towards her. You are not strong enough to meet her quick intelligence, nor able to guard yourself against her subtle insinuations. When was she here last?"

A sudden thought prompted the question.

"She left just before you came in," answered Mrs. Dexter.

"And your mind has been disturbed, not tranquilized, by her visit?"

"I am disturbed, as you see."

"On what subject did she speak?" asked Mrs. De Lisle.

"You know her usual theme?"

"Inharmonious marriages?"

"Yes."

"I do not wonder that you were disturbed. How could it be otherwise?"

"She gives utterance to many truths," said Mrs. Dexter.

"But even truth may be so spoken as to have all the evil effect of error," was promptly answered.

"Can truth ever do harm? Is it not the mind's light? Truth shows us the way in which we may walk safely," said Mrs. Dexter, with some earnestness of manner.

"Light, by which the eye sees, will become a minister of destruction, if the eye is inflamed. A mind diseased cannot bear strong gleams of truth. They will blind and deceive, rather than illustrate. The rays must be softened. Of the many truths to which Mrs. Anthony gave utterance this morning, which most affected your ming?"

"She spoke," said Mrs. Dexter, after a little reflection, "of natural affinities and repulsions, which take on sometimes the extreme condition of idiosyncracies. Of conjunctions of soul in true marriages, and of disjunction and disgust where no true marriage exists."

"Did she explain what she understood by a true marriage?" asked Mrs. De Lisle.

"I do not remember any formal explanation. But her meaning was obvious."

"What, then, did she mean?"

A little while Mrs. Dexter thought, and then answered,

"She thinks that men and women are born partners, and that only they who are fortunate enough to meet are ever happy in marriage—are, in fact, really married."

"How is a woman to know that she is rightly mated?" asked Mrs. De Lisle.

"By the law of affinities. The instincts of our nature are never at fault."

"So the thief who steals your watch will say. The instincts of his nature all prompted to the act. If our lives were orderly as in the beginning, Mrs. Dexter, we might safely follow the soul's unerring instincts. But, unfortunately, this is not the case; and instinct needs the law of revelation and the law of reason for its guide."

"You believe in true, interior marriages?" said Mrs. Dexter.

"Yes, marriages for eternity."

"And that they are made here?"

Mrs. De Lisle did not answer immediately.

"The preparation for eternal marriage is here," she said, speaking thoughtfully.

Mrs. Dexter looked at her like one in doubt as to the meaning of what she heard. She then said:—

"In a true marriage, souls must conjoin by virtue of an original affinity. In a word, the male and the female must be born for each other."

"There are a great many vague notions afloat on this subject," said Mrs. Lisle; "and a great deal of flippant talk. If there are men and women born for each other one thing is very certain, both need a great deal of alteration before they can unite perfectly; and the trial will, in most cases, not so fully prove this theory of duality in sexual creation as you might suppose. 'Behold, I was shapen in iniquity!' If this were not true of every one there might be a little more hope for happiness in marriage. Let us imagine the union of two persons, born with that original conjoining affinity of which you speak—and the existence of which I do not deny. We will suppose that the man inherits from his ancestors certain evil and selfish qualities; and that the woman inherits from her ancestors certain evil and selfish qualities also. They marry young, and before either is disciplined by right principle, or regenerated by Divine truth. Now, this being the case, do you suppose that, in the beginning, their pulses will beat in perfect harmony? That there will be no jarring in the machinery of their lives?"

Mrs. De Lisle paused, but received no answer.

"In just the degree," she continued, "that each is selfish, and fails to repress that selfishness, will the other suffer pain or feel repulsion? And they will not come into the true accordance of their lives until both are purified through a denial of self, and an elevation of the spiritual above the natural. For it is in the spiritual plane where true marriages take place; and only with those who are regenerated. All that goes before is preparation."

Mrs. Dexter continued looking earnestly into the face of Mrs. De Lisle.

"Does your thought follow me?" asked the latter.

"Yes," was all the answer.

"If true marriages are for eternity, each of the partners must be born into spiritual life; and that birth is always with pain. The husband, instead of being a mere natural and selfish man, must be a lover of higher and purer things. He must be a seeker after Divine intelligence, that he may be filled with wisdom coming from the infinite Source of wisdom. And the wife, elevating her affections through self-denial and repression of the natural, must acquire a love for the spiritual wisdom of her husband before her soul can make one with his. Do you comprehend this?"

"Dimly. He must be wise in heavenly love; and she a lover of heavenly wisdom."

"There must be something more," said Mrs. De Lisle.

"What more?"

"No two masculine souls are alike, and heavenly wisdom is infinite. The finite mind receives only a portion of the Divine intelligence. Each, therefore, is in the love of growing wise in a certain degree or direction. The feminine soul, to make conjunction perfect, must be a lover of wisdom in that degree, or direction."

"You bewilder me," said Mrs. Dexter.

"Let me rather enlighten. The great truth I wish to make clear to *you* is that there can be no marriage in the higher sense without spiritual regeneration. By nature we are evil—that is selfish; for self love is the very essence of all evil—and until heavenly life is born in us there can be no interior marriage conjunction. It is [illegible], then—and I want you to look [illegible] position fairly in the face—for two who are *created for each other, to live very unhappily* together during the first years of their married life. Do you ask why? Because both are selfish by nature; and self seeks its own delight. I have sometimes thought," continued Mrs. De Lisle, "in pondering this subject, that those who are born for each other are not often permitted to struggle together in painful antagonism during the stern ordeals through which so many have to pass ere self is subdued, and the fires of Divine love kindled on the heart's altars."

"Meeting life's discipline apart, or in strife with an alien," said Mrs Dexter.

"As you will. But the lesson, I trust, is clear. Only they who bear the cross can wear the crown. The robes must be made white in the blood of the Lamb. And now, dear friend! if you would be worthy of an eternal marriage take up your cross. If there is a noble, manly soul to which you would be conjoined forever, set earnestly about the task of preparation for that union. The wedding garment must be wrought; the lamps trimmed and burning. Not in neglect of duty; not in weak repinings, or helpless despondency is this work done; but in daily duty. The soul of your husband is precious in the eyes of God as your own. Never forget this. And it may be a part of your heaven-assigned work—nay, is—to help him to rise into a higher life. May you grow angel-minded in the good work!"

"How tranquil I have become," said Mrs. Dexter, a little while afterwards. "The heavy pressure on heart and brain is removed."

"You have been thinking not of yourself; and that has brought a change in your state of feeling. Cease to struggle in your bonds; but rise up and go forward with a brave heart, and be true as steel to all your obligations. The way may look dark, the burdens heavy; but fear not. Move on, and Divine light will fall upon your path; stoop to the burthen, and Divine strength will be given. So I counsel you, dear sister! And I pray you heed the counsel."

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the day after the interview with Mrs. De Lisle, Mrs. Dexter, whose mind had been lifted quite above its morbid state, was sitting alone at one of the parlor windows. She had been noting with curious interest, the types of character in faces that met her eyes, and then disappeared to give place to others as singularly varied, when a new countenance, on which her eyes fell, lighted up suddenly. It was that of Hendrickson, whom she had not seen since their parting at Newport. He paused, lifted his hat, bowed and went on. It was no cold, formal recognition; but one full of earnest life, and warm with sudden feeling. Mrs. Dexter was conscious of a quick heart-throb that sent a glow to her pale cheeks.

Unfortunate coincidence! The next face, presenting itself almost in the same instant of time, was that of her husband. It was full two hours earlier than the period of his usual return home. He had seen the expression of Hendrickson's countenance; and also the responsive change in that of his wife. At once it occurred

to him that an understanding had been established between him and Mrs. Dexter, and that this was the beginning of a series of interviews, to be carried on during his absence. Mr. Dexter was an impulsive man. Without giving himself time for reflection, he strode into the parlor, and said with a cutting sneer—

"You have your own entertainments I see in your husband's absence. But—" and his manner grew stern, while his tones were threatening—"you must not forget that we are in America and not Paris: and that I am an American and not a French husband. You are going a step too far, madam!"

Too much confounded for speech, Mrs. Dexter, into whose face the blood had rushed, dyeing it to a deep crimson, sat looking at her husband, an image in his eyes of guilt confessed.

"I warn you," he added, "not to presume on me in this direction! And I further warn you, that, if I ever catch that scoundrel in my house, or in your company, I will shoot him down like a dog."

Mrs. Dexter was too feeble for a shock like this. The crimson left her face. While her husband yet glared angrily upon her, a deathly hue overspread her features, and she fainted, falling forward upon the floor. He sprung to catch her in his arms, but was too late. She struck with a heavy concussion against one of her temples and cheeks, bruising them severely.

When Mrs. Dexter recovered, she was in her own room lying upon her bed. No one was there but her husband. His face was grave to sadness. She looked at him for a single moment, then shut her eyes and turned her face away. Mr. Dexter neither moved nor spoke. A more wretched man was scarcely in existence. He believed all against his wife that his words expressed; yet was he conscious of unpardonable indiscretion—and he was deeply troubled as to the consequences of his act. Mrs. Dexter was fully restored to consciousness, and remembered, distinctly, the blasting intimations of her husband. But she was wholly free from excitement, and thinking calmly.

"Will you send for my aunt?" Mrs. Dexter turned her face from the wall as she said this, speaking in a low but firm voice.

"Not now. Why do you wish to see her?" Mr. Dexter's tones were low and firm also.

"I shall return to her," said Mrs. Dexter.

"What do you mean?" Feeling betrayed itself.

"As I am a degraded being in your eyes, you do not, of course, wish me to remain under your roof. And, as you have degraded me by foul and false accusations, against the bare imagination of which my soul revolts, I can no longer share your home, nor eat the bread which your hand provides for me. Where there is no love on one side, and no faith on the other, separation becomes inevitable."

"You talk madly," said Mr. Dexter.

"Not madly, but soberly," she answered. "There is an unpardonable sin against a virtuous wife, and you have committed it. Forgiveness is impossible. I wish to see my aunt. Will you send for her, Mr. Dexter?"

"It was a dark day for me, Jessie, when I first looked upon your face," said Mr. Dexter.

"And darker still for me, sir. Yet, after my constrained marriage, I tried, to the best of my ability, to be all you desired. That I failed, was no fault of mine."

"Nor mine," was answered.

"Let us not make matters worse by crimination and recrimination," said Mrs. Dexter. "It will take nothing from our future peace to remember that we parted in forbearance, instead of with passionate accusation."

"You are surely beside yourself, Jessie!" exclaimed Mr. Dexter.

She turned her face away, and made no response.

Mr. Dexter was frightened. "Could it be possible," he asked himself, "that his wife really purposed a separation?" The fact loomed up before his imagination, with all of its appalling consequences.

A full half hour passed, without a word more from the lips of either. Then Mr. Dexter quietly retired from the room. He had no sooner done this, than Mrs. Dexter arose from the bed, and commenced making changes in her dress. Her face was very white, and her movements unsteady, like the movements of a person just arisen from an exhausting sickness. There was some appearance of hurry and agitation in her manner.

About an hour later, and just as twilight had given place to darkness, Mrs. Loring, who was sitting with her daughters, lifted her eyes from the work in her hands, and leaned her head in a listening attitude. The door bell had rung, and a servant was moving along the passage. A moment of suspense, and then light steps were heard and the rustling of a woman's garments.

"Jessie!" exclaimed Mrs. Loring, as Mrs. Dexter entered the sitting-room. She was enveloped in a warm cloak, with a hood drawn over her head. As she pushed the latter from her partly hidden face, her aunt saw a wildness about her eyes, that suggested, in connection with this unheralded visit of the feeble invalid, the idea of mental derangement. Starting forward, and almost encircling her with her arms, she said—

"My dear child! what is the meaning of this visit? Where is Mr. Dexter? Did he come with you?"

"I am cold," she answered, with a shiver. "The air is piercing." And she turned towards the grate, spreading her hands to the genial warmth.

"Did Mr. Dexter come with you?" Mrs. Loring repeated the question.

"No; I came alone," was the quietly spoken answer.

"You did not walk?"

"Yes."

"Why, Jessie! You imprudent child! Does Mr. Dexter know of this?"

There was no reply to the question.

"Aunt Phoebe," said Mrs. Dexter, turning from the fire. "Can I see you alone?"

"Certainly, dear," and placing an arm around her, Mrs. Loring went, with her niece, from the room.

"You have frightened me, child," said the aunt, as soon as they were alone. "What has happened? Why have you come at this untimely hour, and with such an imprudent exposure of your health?"

"*I have come home, Aunt Phoebe.*" Mrs. Dexter stood and looked steadily into the face of her aunt.

"Home, Jessie?" Mrs. Loring was bewildered.

"I have no other home in the wide world, Aunt Phoebe." The sadness of Jessie's low, steady voice, went deep down even into the worldly heart of Mrs. Loring.

"Child! Child! What *do* you mean?" exclaimed the astonished woman.

"Simply, that I have come back to you again—to die, I trust, and that right early!"

"Where is Mr. Dexter? What has happened? Oh, Jessie! Speak plainly!" said Mrs. Loring, much agitated.

"I have left Mr. Dexter, Aunt Phoebe." She yet spoke in a calm voice. "And shall not return to him. If you will let me have that little chamber again, which I used to call my own, I will bless you for the sanctuary, and hide myself in it from the world. I do not think I shall burden you a long time, Aunt Phoebe. I am passing through conflicts and enduring pains that are too severe for me. Feeble nature is fast giving way. The time will not be long, dear Aunt!"

"Sit down, child! There! Sit down." And Mrs. Loring led her niece to a chair. "This is a serious business, Jessie," she added, in a troubled voice. "I am bewildered by your strange language. What does it mean? Speak to me plainly. I am afraid you are dreaming."

"I wish it were a dream, aunt. But no—all is fearfully real. For causes, of which I cannot now speak, I have separated myself from Mr. Dexter, and shall never live with him again. Our ways have parted, and forever."

"Jessie! Jessie! What madness! Are you beside yourself? Is this a step to be taken without a word of consultation with friends?"

Mrs. Loring, as soon as her mind began clearly to comprehend what her niece had done, grew strongly excited. Mrs. Dexter did not reply, but let her eyes fall to the floor, and remained silent. She had no defence to make at any human tribunal.

"Why have you done this, Jessie?" demanded her aunt.

"Forgive my reply, Aunt Phoebe; I can make no other now. The reason is with God and my own heart. He can look deeper than any human eyes have power to see: and comprehend more than I can put in words. My cause is with Him. If my burdens are too heavy, He will not turn from me because I fall fainting by the way."

"Jessie, what is the meaning of this?" Mrs. Loring spoke in a suddenly changed voice, and coming close to her niece, looked earnestly into her face. "Here is a bad bruise on your right cheek, and another on the temple just above. And the skin is inflamed around the edges of these bruises, showing them to be recent. How came this, Jessie."

"Bruises? Are you certain?"

"Why, yes, child! and bad ones, too."

Mrs. Dexter looked surprised. She raised her hand to her cheek and temple, and pressing slightly, was conscious of pain.

"I believe I fainted in the parlor this afternoon," she said; "I must have fallen to the floor."

"Fainted! From what cause?" asked Mrs. Loring.

Mrs. Dexter was silent.

"Was it from sudden illness?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Loring was not satisfied with this brief answer. *Imagination suggested some personal* outrage.

"Was Mr. Dexter in the parlor when you fainted?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Why did he not save you from falling?"

"I am very cold, aunt; and my head turns. Let me lie down." Mrs. Dexter made an effort to rise. As Mrs. Loring caught her arms, she felt them shiver. Quickly leading her to the bed, she laid her in among the warm blankets; but external warmth could not subdue the nervous chill that shook her frame in every part.

"The doctor must be sent for," said Mrs. Loring—and she was about leaving the bedside.

"No, no, aunt!" Mrs. Dexter caught her hand, and held her back. "I want no physician—only quiet and seclusion. Have my own little room prepared for me, and let me go there to-night."

Mrs. Loring sat down undecided, and in great perplexity of mind.

"Listen!" Some one had rung the door-bell violently.

"Aunt!" Mrs. Dexter started up and laid her hand on the arm of Mrs. Loring. "If that is Mr. Dexter, remember that I positively refuse to meet him. I am ill, as you can see; and I warn you that the agitation of a forced interview may cost me my life."

"If it is Mr. Dexter, what shall I say? Hark! Yes! It is his step, and his voice."

"Say that I cannot be seen, and that I have left him forever."

"But, Jessie—"

"Aunt Loring, remonstrance is vain! I have not taken this step without a deep consciousness of being right; and no power on earth can lead me to retrace it. Let him comprehend that, in its plain significance; the sooner he does so, the better will it be for both."

"Mr. Dexter wishes to see you," said a servant, coming to the door.

"Say that she will be down in a moment."

Mrs. Loring stood for some time, endeavoring to collect her thoughts and calm her feelings. She then went down to the parlor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Under the lindens lately sat
A couple, and no more, in chat;
I wondered what they would be at
Under the lindens.

I saw four eyes and four lips meet,
I heard the words, *How sweet! how sweet!*
Had then the Faeries given a treat
Under the lindens?

I pondered long and could not tell
What dainty pleased them both so well;
Bees! bees! was it your hydromel
Under the lindens?

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

☞ A SLIGHT RESERVATION.—*Jones.*—Ah, times are hard enough. I dined on corned beef and cabbage yesterday!

Brown.—Why, what did you do with that pair of ducks, I saw you pay a dollar and a quarter for?

Jones.—Oh—ah—yes. Well, I had them besides!

☞ A learned writer says of books:—"They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep: if you seek them, they do not hide: if you blunder, they do not scold: if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858.

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TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Winter Approaches;" "Elegy on a Housedog;" "A Voice from Greece;" "Manhood vs. Money;" "Man's Influence;" "Imagination;" "Happiness; or, The Drunkard's Home."

THE LEVIATHAN.

A correspondent of the *London Morning Advertiser*, who is vouched for by the editor as "a man of great learning, and of eminent abilities," and who has "long filled a professional chair abroad," finds a fulfillment of Scriptural prophecy in the case of the great steamship, the Leviathan. He says:

There is another chapter in Job, the last but one of that book, in which another great invention of our times, namely, steamships, is strikingly designated. Under the name of Leviathan, the inspired writer portrays, with a striking fidelity, the main features of steamships in general, but more especially those of the greatest specimen yet made of that contrivance of human industry which is now called the Leviathan. He begins by making allusion to the first attempt at launching her, not so much by pushing her with hydraulic rams as by hauling her down the inclined plane, with chains fastened to her stern and bow. He even hints at the sad accident to the poor workman who was cast up in the air and killed: though according to another version, the Vulgate, the same words would rather describe the gradual launching of the vessel in the sight of many persons, *videntibus multis præcipitabitur*. The shares taken by merchants in the undertaking, the ship's comely proportions, her unparalleled horse-power, the anchors fastened to her like a double bridle, and spreading their sharp points on the mud of the ocean, the meals to be eaten in her feasting saloons, the doors of her cabins, the snoring noise of her steam engines, like fiery sneezings, the sparks and smoke leaping out of her chimneys, her boilers seething like a pot or cauldron, the draft of air kindling the coals in her furnaces, the flames going out of her mouth, and even the very name of the engineman of the Leviathan, or of his daughter, Miss Hope, who performed the usual ceremony previous to the first unsuccessful attempt at sending the vessel afloat, are distinctly and clearly pointed out, almost with the same words which I have been using. Nor is the important circumstance of her being made of iron passed over. The very iron plates composing her hull, and overlapping one another like scales, the iron bolts fastening together those plates, like so many barbed irons filling the skin of a monster, her impenetrability to ordinary weapons, are pointedly and severally alluded to. The iron machinery throbbing, with a sort of gigantic systole and diastole, at the centre of every steamship, and therefrom imparting the motion to the whole body, is very aptly compared to a heart firm as a stone. It appears to me that even the motions of the paddle-wheels and of the Archimedean screw are especially described in these words—"He, Leviathan, maketh the sea to boil like a pot; he maketh a path to shine after him."

Notwithstanding the appended remarks of the *Advertiser* almost preclude the idea that the above was written in mere jest and irony, we cannot avoid such a conclusion. For instance, here is the verse which is held, as we suppose, to refer to the Hopes—father and daughter:

"Behold, the *hope* of him is in vain: shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him."

If the whole be not designed as a solemn jest, we are much mistaken. If meant in earnest, it seems to us that the force of learned folly could scarcely further go. But little respect is shown the solemn spirit of prophecy, by straining the sublime language of Scripture to such forced interpretations. Holy men of old were scarcely filled with the divine spirit of Revelation, to foretell the launch of this large steamship, with all its attendant incidents.

THE BANK OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The report of the Managers of this Institution to the recent meeting of Stockholders, is rather a gloomy document. Mr. Allibone, the Ex-President, seems to have loaned very large amounts of money without the knowledge of the Directors—$119,266.57 to a firm of which his brother was a member—$146,818.21 to another firm, of which a Director was the head—$289,600.00 to the Hempfield Railroad, &c.

The accounts of the Bank stood on the 30th ultimo:—

Assets - - - - - - - - - - - - -	$2,335,178.04
Liabilities - - - - - - - - - - -	1,289,074.32
Showing a nominal surplus of - - - -	986,103.72

Out of this nominal surplus, it seems to us, something ought to be realized for the plundered Stockholders. But it is doubtful, to say the least, that anything will be. The general experience in such cases is—that after the lions have gorged the most of the feast, the jackals devour the fragments, to the very bones.

Mr. Allibone has transferred his estate, said to be worth $150,000, to meet anything due by him or the firm with which his brother is connected. But the unexplained deficit in the assets of the Bank, is $1,319,478.75.

CORRECTION.—In justice to the citizens of Janesville, Wisconsin, it is proper to say that a statement copied into the POST, regarding the arrival at that place of Mr. Tracy with a party of young women, who were disposed of as servant girls, is declared by the "*Janesville Half Dollar Paper*," to be without foundation. The original statement purported to come from the Janesville *Independent* which paper, it is said, has no existence. Perhaps the affair happened in some other Janesville.

THE MORMONS.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald*, says:—

It is reported to me on good authority that Mr. Buchanan contemplates withdrawing the troops from Utah. Dr. Bernhisel, the Mormon delegate, has submitted propositions to the Administration indicating the willingness of the Mormons to vacate Utah and colonize on some of the islands of the sea outside of the jurisdiction of the United States, provided the government will purchase at a fair valuation the Salt Lake city improvements. Dr. B. asks that commissioners be sent out to arrange terms and details. Should these be agreed on, Salt Lake city is to become a grand military station or depot for our western troops.

A later account states that the President rejected rather than received the above offer, inasmuch as it did not appear that Dr. Bernhisel acted under instructions from Utah, but simply on his own responsibility. The Doctor maintains that the people of Utah are in favor of peace, and would accept any reasonable terms of accommodation.

We are pleased to see that the plan of removing to some island in the Pacific Ocean—which we have repeatedly suggested—is beginning to find supporters among the Mormons. As to staying where they are, and maintaining their objectionable practice of Polygamy, it is entirely out of the question. They might perhaps find a lodgment in Mexico, and maintain it for a time, but they would have but little peace in so doing. If they could purchase a group of islands, sovereignty and all—no one would be likely to disturb them.

RESUMPTION.

The Banks of this city and of Pittsburg quietly resumed paying specie on the 1st inst. Several of the country banks also resumed on the same day. The Philadelphia Banks have been furnishing their customers with what specie they required, for some time past. The Baltimore banks also have resumed.

EXCITING SCENES IN CONGRESS.—Our country readers will find in our news columns, an interesting account of the exciting scenes in Congress last week, as reported by the impartial agents of the associated press. The opening struggle was upon the question to refer the President's recent message, with instructions, to a Committee of Thirteen. Such collisions as occurred between Messrs. Keitt, of S. C., and Grow, of the Bradford District, Pa., and their respective friends, are much to be deprecated.

WASHINGTON AND HIS PORTRAITS.—We are requested to state that our venerable townsman, Rembrandt Peale, will deliver his lecture on "Washington and his Portraits," illustrated by *fac-similes* of Trumbull's and Stuart's *original* portraits, on his return from New York, where he goes by invitation of the Historical Society of that city, to lecture on the 22nd inst.

New Publications.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

The Biography of Elisha Kent Kane, by Dr. William Elder, (published by *Messrs. Childs & Peterson, Philada.,*) is the *story of* a man, the *essential* spirit of whose career revives the legends of knight-errantry. Yet he has not passed to his high fame unchallenged. There is still some conflict of opinion above his grave, regarding the relative merit of his actions, and the worth of his nature. The surprising warmth and wealth of eulogy lavished on him, have not only awakened the jealousy and envy of the habitual fault-finders, but have caused many excellent people to suspect the sincerity of the orators, and to think of him with dubiety and misgiving. But doubt and darkness we think must now pass from his memory, for amidst the confusion and cross-lights, this memoir strikes like a sunbeam, with clear authentic ray, and the hardy Homeric heroism of his character comes out in large and simple outlines. He was not, it is true, one of the greatest of human beings, and no doubt he had his share of mortal weakness and worthlessness; but in him, too, the elements were so mixed "that Nature might stand up to all the world, and say, this was a man." Even setting aside—if it were necessary—whatever comes merely as the opinions of his biographer, and dwelling only upon the facts of his life as here set down and sustained, we think every fair intellect must decide at the least, that he was truly heroic, if not a hero.

His biographer takes us back to his childish days, and shows him in the germ—an image of boyish turbulence, truthfulness, generosity, daring courage, high spirit, regnant will, and insatiable love of dangerous and difficult enterprise. He is the champion of his little brothers against the whole school and street. When the schoolmaster would flog one of them, he intercedes because the brother, he says, "is such a little fellow—flog me;" and when the master, mistaking the mediation for mutiny will flog both of them, our young chevalier, outraged at this injustice, makes it mutiny immediately, and has a fracas with the master. The knight-errant in him is already up and out in quest of adventures. At ten years old, with a true chivalric eye for distressed damsels, he interferes in behalf of some girls at whom four or five big boys are blowing putty-pellets—climbs the spout to the steep roof of the shed on which the aggressors are, and on the breakneck slant of the building, cuffs and kicks the party into penitence, and wrings from each of its members an apology, adding a characteristic touch to the whole proceeding by refusing at the terrified imprecations of his little brother to come down from the dangerous slope, because, he says, "they ain't done apologizing yet!" "He took no sauce from anybody," remarks his biographer, telling this anecdote with a boy's glee. On another occasion, a big ruffian insults him on the wharf. Submission is out of the question, though redress seems equally so. But he seizes the dangling rope of a crane, runs backward till it is tightly stretched, and flying forward with the sweep of a sling, plants his knees square in the fellow's face, and levels him to the immense delight of the protecting bystanders. In perilous and daring enterprises, the boy, at this time, is father of the man. He clambers trees, roofs and chimneys at the imminent hazard of his neck. Wherever a cat can climb, he climbs. He gets out of his bed at night, to enjoy the satisfaction of surmounting, with the aid of a clothes-line, one particularly dangerous and difficult chimney. These boyish feats of physical hardihood are his discipline for future Arctic service. Of course they get him the reputation of being a bad boy. The "goody-good people," as the biographer happily names them, think him a very bad boy. Then, too, he does not like to learn his school-lessons, and rebels. He does not shirk or equivocate—for there is no touch of the shuffler or hypocrite in him—but he daringly disobeys. His mother exhorts him, and he tries to "conquer his prejudices" against the dull and dreary class-lessons—succeeds for a week—finds he can't continue, and revolts again. Yet the teachers whom he grieves in succession during these experiences, are conciliated, malgre his rebellion, by his gallantry, high-spirit, and truthfulness. Meanwhile, he is pursuing his education after his own fashion. He collects a cabinet of minerals, turns an outhouse into a chemical laboratory, and studies Chemistry, Robinson Crusoe and the Pilgrim's Progress! Riding horseback, racing hither and thither, climbing rocks, trees, chimneys, everything—hunting up curious pebbles, training dogs, packing his mind with chemistry, geology, and geography in his own wild way, sketching, whittling, cobbling: brooding, no doubt, in many an hour over the marvellous story of Crusoe and his man Friday; perchance hearing in trances of reverie, sounding above the clang of life's battle, celestial harpings and voices not of this sphere, as he reads the pages of Bunyan's glorious dream—so passes his boyhood.

The boyhood passes into youth, and as the moral elements flow in, the turbid commotion of splendid forces begins to clarify and subside into the lustrous and indomitable current of his maturer years. At sixteen, he feels his deficiencies in education, and, struggling against his habits and aversions, he applies himself with desperate vigor to learning. He conquers in the grapple, though with broken health, and, having already contracted the heart disease which among all his numerous after maladies never left him, he enters the Virginia University. Studying all the branches of civil engineering under the roof, and the geology of the Blue Mountains under the sky, he breaks down at last with acute rheumatism, and is carried home to a long and hopeless illness. His disease developes into inflammation of the membranes of the heart, and the slight frame is tortured for months to the last verge of endurance. Out of the wreck of his physical system he comes, resolved to die in the harness, and thenceforward his life-work is done with nerves that prick and tingle with acute disease, and a heart dragged down against its own strong wings with organic malady. But in it all he never blenches or wavers, or falters on his course. His is "the strong heart, half-immortal," and the unconquerable will. At college he told his cousin he was "resolved to make his mark in the world," and now when he knows he may drop and die at any moment, he pushes on, proud and gay, to the summit of his resolve.

His friends succeed in changing the direction of his course. Persuaded that the profession of civil engineer would be fatal to him, he begins the study of medicine. Before he is twenty-one, he is elected Resident Physician of the Pennsylvania Blockley Hospital. At this time his disease is so serious that he cannot sleep in a horizontal position, and he never lies down at night without feeling that he may die before morning. Nevertheless, he is always cheerful and calm. Buoyant, ardent, enthusiastic, faithful and earnest in the discharge of his duties, unsullied in the midst of temptations—this is the account of him his associate physician renders to the biographer. The veteran professors cover him with the brightest student laurels. He is not twenty-two—but his inaugural thesis wins a vote of approbation, and a request to print, from the faculty; and the investigations and conclusions it embodies, are quoted with full scientific honors in the standard text-books of medicine, at home and abroad.

At this time he discovers that incessant toil and exposure are his best hygienic policy—a fact which justifies the seeming excess of effort which is prominent in his after career. The true metal so rings and gleams in him, that when he seeks to enter the Navy as a surgeon, spite of his physical infirmities, the Official Board will not reject him. He sails with Minister Cushing for China, studying hard during the voyage. Wherever the frigate is delayed, he goes travelling in the interior. Tracking the strata of the Eastern Andes; exploring the caverned gloom of the colossal temples of Elephanta; palanquining from Bombay to pore over "dusk Ellora's monstrous signs," and question the mystery of the unfrequented crypts of Karli; tiger-hunting on elephant-back in the torrid jungles of Ceylon, or mooning in the tropic splendor under the tall taliput palms; descending by a bamboo rope two hundred feet into the bowels of the volcano of Taal, and groping downward through its brimstone stench and poisonous vapors over scalding lakes to fill his specimen-bottles at the smoking lake in its core; returning half-suffocated from this infernal entre to face the fury of the screaming dwarfs—the pigmy savages that inhabit the Philipines—who incensed at the indignity offered to the Deity of the volcano, are only balked of vengeance by the menace of the revolver; all this, and more untold, fills up our knight-errant's time on the road to China. Then we find him writing home shrewd and bright pictorial letters from the Flowery Land—the record of diplomatic junketings and negotiations with Mandarins of the genuine blue blood. Afterwards practising medicine at Whampoa till stricken down with the rice-fever: then, recovered, journeying through India, and clambering up the tremendous slopes of the Himmalayas; travelling in company with the gorgeous Hindu Prince, Dwakanauth Tagore, through Persia and Syria; supping coffee with the great Lepsius under the flaring skies of Egypt with the broken fanes of Karnac towering around; fighting with swarthy Bedouin robbers; scaling, at the risk of life or limb, the enormous statue of Memnon for the purpose of discovering inscriptions on an upper tablet: stricken with the plague at Alexandria, and nearly forfeiting his life; journeying through classic Greece and romantic Germany: lingering in Switzerland to scrutinize with careful eye the structure of the Alpine glaciers: everywhere diligently collecting stores of varied scientific knowledge to be applied in after time to what Bacon calls "the practic part of life" for the use and benefit of mankind. Everywhere too, he wins golden opinions from those who come in contact with him. "In wit a man—simplicity a child," is the verdict of the friends he makes by meeting. All voices speak praisefully of the activity, the energy, the dauntless courage, the courtesy, the steady gentleness and fortitude, conjoined in a form so fragile and so sorely tried with the vicissitude of travel, the incessant tug and drain of slow disease, and the strokes of the maladies of every climate in which his lot falls. The testimony of his companions constantly identifies in his character the form and features of the true knight of an immemorial chivalry.

Count life by its experiences, and this brave gentleman has lived long, but as he sets foot upon his native land, he is only twenty-five. He hates the naval service for the aristocratic impudence of its laws and etiquette, but there is a speck of war in the horizon, and a proud sense of honor forbids him to leave it now. But he expects active service, and is bitterly disappointed when he is sent instead to the coast of Africa, where the coast-fever he contracts, inflicts the most serious injury his constitution has received. Here turns a broken-down man, spends six weary months of sickness at home, and recovering enough to keep his feet again, suddenly leaves an evening party at his father's house, and is next heard of at Washington, with government orders for Mexico, where the speck of war has spread into a thunder-cloud, dropping blood and flame. On board the steamer in the gulf, during a tremendous storm, his indomitable manhood is again seen in action, in the well-directed and courageous efforts for the preservation of the passengers. At Nopaluca, he once more shows the fire and force of the antique chevalier. Journeying with dispatches, under escort of a band of American-Mexican lancers, commanded by a wretch named Domingues, he takes part in a conflict with a small body of Mexican troops under General Gaona, which ends in the defeat and surrender of the latter. The unhappy prisoners are about to be butchered by the infamous troop of Domingues, when the gallant Kane turns with martial fury upon the whole band, and at the imminent peril of his life, after having his horse killed under him, and receiving himself a serious wound, succeeds by the most desperate energy and valor in cowing down the renegades, and saving the lives of the captured men. A Mexican officer is meanwhile bleeding to death, and our hero, with the flash of his noble anger still in his eye, and the quelled vagabonds around him, kneels to bind up the severed artery, and adds another life to the band he saved. Sinking down under a terrible typhus fever, in consequence of the wound he received in rescuing the prisoners from butchery, the grateful Mexican, General Gaona, takes him to his own residence, and with his wife and daughters nurses him night and day, until again restored. The whole story, supported at every point in the memoir by irresistible documentary evidence, reads like a bright leaf of Froissart or St. Palaye, or a golden page of the old chivalric romances.

Half dead with sickness and worn out with service, he returns home. The experience in Mexico has left a stain of regret in his memory, for he thinks that neither he nor his country have reason to be proud of their part there.

Time passes on with him. The sad voice of Lady Franklin is heard across the continents, imploring help for her lost husband, and the blood of Kane stirs in his heart, as if a trumpet called. He volunteers to aid in the quest, waits at the gates of Government, asserting the search as a duty, and pressing his petition to be engaged in the service. After some time, he is appointed a member of the first "United States Grinnell Expedition," and sails. He is so ill that the commander wants him to return home. With one-half his sickness, most men would be in bed, but this stalwart spirit, cased in so frail and ill a body, struggles against its mortal weakness, and will not turn away from hardships and dangers that a giant might blamelessly decline to encounter. He goes on with the expedition. He returns with it, and writes its narrative, to enlist public sentiment in support of a second expedition, under private auspices, the idea of which has engrossed his mind. He corresponds, he travels, he lectures, he writes, in aid of its purpose, till brain and body are tottering, and but for the kindly prescription of a friend, he would drop into a gulf of death or madness. Recovering in some degree, he continues his efforts. He is utterly devoted to his chivalric service of Lady Franklin, and every thought and purpose is merged in the idea of rescuing Sir John and his men. But failing health retards and delays him, and in the midst of his efforts his little brother Willie falls ill. The brave heart, so tender and so true, turns aside from its bold design, to watch by the bedside of the dying boy. Then comes the deep sorrow of a creature beloved passing away, the summer skies mellow into autumn above the dead boy's grave, and the trumpet of the self-imposed duty calls the hero back to his great adventure. With the greatest self-sacrifice, with the expenditure of all his personal and collected means, with unflagging perseverance against mountain obstacles, and multiplex and enormous labor of every kind, he succeeds in launching his enterprise. A false report to the effect that the British Government is about to forestall him in the quest, hurries his departure, and makes him drive his vessel at steeple-chase pace to the Pole, for, kindling now with an intense patriotism, he is determined to be there first, and win the honors of the Arctic service for America. He arrives, and for the next two years we see him in a world so unlike our own in its terrible grandeur and danger, that it might well be fancied the enchanted sphere of some dark dream. There, in his little ice-locked, iceberg-menaced vessel, or on those pale plains, storm and wind-swept for ages, and forever brooded over by supernatural cold and tremendous silence—under the long ghastly day of months lit by the pallid sun, or under the long Arctic night, its black sky flashing with the terrible, wierd beauty of the Northern Aurora, or deep set with the awful winter stars—he appears, the centre-piece of those sublime tableaux of endurance, and courage and devotion which loom from the recorded dream of those years. How well and worthily he bore himself, with multiform peril and disease and death around him, each hour big with menace and threatening horror, is the world's story now. In that stern Arctic ordeal all the grander and deeper traits of his character come forth in full relief. A simple sentence he writes on Christmas day with his own hand, in the log-book kept by his first officer—"Sunday, December 25th, the birth-day of Christ"—is a significant index to the religious depths of his nature, and touches the mind like a line of solemn music. Not only here, but in many another record, we come upon his recognition and remembrance of things divine. He is constantly cognate of a watchful divinity that presides in all things—the good fate we name Providence. His Christian heroism is the life and strength and comfort of his crew. "It kept us human" says one of them, "when we were nearly desperate. His prayers brought up the spirit of society and civilization,

and although we, perhaps, had very little religion in us, we always had some about us."

The result of his quest for Sir John Franklin, and the important contributions his survey of the Arctic regions brought to the science of the world, are well known. He returns to write in clear, compact, pictorial prose, the record of his expedition. From the finished book, he rises, feebler in health than ever before, and sails for England. Sir Roderick Murchison, whom he visits in London, sees his eagle eye bright in a face from which life is fading. He sinks from deep to deep in his disease, and leaves London for Havana, accompanied by his faithful Morton. There, on the 16th of February, 1857, while his mother reads the Bible by his bedside, the brave and gentle spirit passes silently away.

Such are the outlines of his career and character, briefly and crudely sketched from a book in which they appear as part of a brilliant and minutely circumstantial narrative. Our account of it is necessarily imperfect and fragmentary, and the full satisfaction one derives from following the details of a grand life, can be obtained from the book alone. We commend it therefore to our readers. Dwelling upon the story of the hero as it appears in these pages, and observing how much he dared and accomplished, despite his slight physique and the incessant war of diseases levied against it, his career, wonderful at all events, seems doubly marvellous. It must have been a strong and true soul that could devise and execute its life-work so manfully, spite of the impediment and opposition of such a physical system. Nothing proves the regnancy of that soul, and establishes its superiority, more than the power it maintained over men. The biographer says:—

He went out on his last voyage without any of the rules and regulations which govern our national marine, or authority to enforce them. The men were volunteers, and the expedition was a private venture. Yet on deck, in dangerous and difficult navigation, he held the respect of the sailors. Tried every day by the rough standard of these regular-bred routinists, they felt and conceded his superiority. When he bravely ventured upon the outside passage of Melville Bay on his outward bound trip, Brooks and McGary thought he must be right, though they had never heard of such a thing before; and, when two years of daily trials had habituated them to a frank obedience, they followed him in an open boat through the same perilous passage which the little brig had first found by the instincts of her commander. It was like inviting a score of draymen to make an ascension in a paper balloon through a snow-storm; but they trusted, for they had learned a habit of dependence by a thousand instances of assuring experience.

This quality of command is also shown in his management of the brute Esquimaux, who, beginning by robbing the brig, and afterwards ready to destroy its crew, were brought at length, by his kindness, firmness and wisdom, to such obedience and affection that they mourned his departure bitterly.

He was a manly man. He loved children dearly. He was an affectionate son—a good brother. He treated the lowest human beings with whom he came in contact with consideration and kindness. He was tender of animals. Dogs and horses he was especially attached to. His biographer acutely notices how in his record of Arctic hunting, his account of the killing of birds and seals naturally takes the form of confession and apology. The gentle gentleman could not help *pitying the creatures* "scurvy and craving for fresh meat" obliged him and his men to kill. How warmly his sympathy went out to all living things, the following anecdotes show:—

In the year 1848, I think it was, the elephant on exhibition at the Philadelphia circus killed his keeper, and went on a spree generally in the menagerie, making a general jail delivery among the tiger and lion cages, with such zeal that he broke one of his tusks in the performance of the day. The alarm roused the police, and the Mayor ordered out a company of muskets to kill the enraged animal. Dr. Kane heard the rumor, and went into the excitement, but in his own way. "The cowardly tyrants," he exclaimed, "to call the elephant mad! An animal with the intelligence of an elephant has a right to be *indignant*: that's the word for it. He has been outraged by a brute with less than his own intellect, and nothing of his sense of right; and now he must be murdered to check his just revenge!"

But he had no contempt for any of God's creatures—not even for men in the depth of their debasement. To a friend who was patting a dog after he had been abusing some of the lowest and loathsomest of our own species and the culprit-side of human nature generally, he said, "I like your kindliness to the poor dog-people: I have that feeling more than moderately strong myself: but I never saw a man who was not higher than a dog." This was after he had seen humanity in its lees in every quarter of the globe.

Other traits full of import, are here given:

He was not incapable of taking human life for cause requiring it. He held it at a much lower value than the rights, dignities, and liberties which belong to it. These he scrupulously respected in all his actions and utterances. It was indeed a reverence, as for a sacred thing, which he gave to the majesty of manhood and to its proper defences: he never indulged in irony, and was as incapable of detraction as of petty larceny. He was always thoughtful—carefully thoughtful—of his action and influence upon the minds of those around him.

The deep poetry of the man is seen in the following sentences:

He wrote his own poetry in the higher form of prose: for two instances out of many hundreds, read the following gems, wrenched as they are from their exquisite settings:—

"I am afraid to speak of some of these night-scenes. I have trodden the deck and the floes when the life of earth seemed suspended—its movements, its sounds, its coloring, its companionships; and as I looked on the radiant hemisphere, circling above me as if rendering worship to the unseen Centre of light, I have ejaculated, in humility of spirit, 'Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?' And then I have thought of the kindly world we had left, with its revolving sunshine and shadow, and the other stars that gladden it in their changes, and the hearts that warmed to us there, till I lost myself in memories of those who are not: and they bore me back to the stars again."

He finds a poppy, grown under seven feet of snow. A lucidly simple explanation of its securities in a climate that runs down to 50° below zero warms his fancy into poetic sympathy with its delicate life:—"No eider-down in the cradle of an infant is tucked in more kindly than the sleeping-dress of winter about this feeble flower-life."

Another anecdote shows even a subtler and deeper poetic sensibility:

Sitting one day at his father's table, after his return from his last Expedition, some one closed the narrative of a dangerous adventure with the words, "I never encountered any thing so awful in my life." The doctor had been for an hour silently attentive to all that was said. At this point one of the guests turned to him and asked, "What is the most awful thing that *you* ever experienced?" His face took a devotionally deep expression; and he answered, "*The stillness of the Arctic night!*"

Over a spirit so instinct with feeling, gentleness, courage, hardihood, and much generous aspiration and ambition, the mystic curtain has fallen. The story of his life is now before the world, and will pass into the thoughts and lives of young men, and the memories of men who are old.

It only remains to say here, briefly, that Dr. Elder has done his part in the memoir well. He has amply met the necessary conditions of the task, showing everywhere an acute and comprehensive understanding of the character he has portrayed, a thorough and intimate sympathy with it, and a complete mastery of all collateral information and material, necessary to its elucidation. The memoir has a strong pulse and warm blood beating and glowing in it throughout, and is evidently written, as every biography should be, *con amore*. The style is colloquial, snapping and crackling in its lighter parts, with quips and jokes and sarcasms and dry humor, sometimes flashing with enthusiasm, and faltering with feeling, occasionally flowering into beauty. It is eminently bright and alive. Now and then we meet with verbal inaccuracies or undue oddity of phrase, and there are instances where the efflorescence of quaint or eccentric expression obscures the meaning. These blemishes, however, have their balance in the freshness, vigor and vivacity of the general style, and the hearty and manly tone which pervades the volume throughout. Nor should the critic be narrow and exclusive. The mountain stream of talk, speeding and flashing, its bright, impetuous current reflecting character in all its phases, transitions, and multi-colored varieties, is also admirable, as well as the austere and limpid diction in which great lives are severely mirrored, like pure peaks in an Alpine tarn.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, Mr. Fischer presented to the society specimens of sugar, manufactured from the Chinese sugar cane by Mr. Lovering, at his country seat on the York Road, about five miles from this city. The experiments prove that at a moderate estimate 1,200 pounds of sugar can be grown on an acre in Pennsylvania, and probably much more in many soils and by means of improved cultivation. At 5 cents per pound, 1,200 pounds are worth $60 per acre. An acre will produce, moreover, 70 to 80 gallons of molasses of the best quality—sufficient to pay the expense of cultivation and manufacture—leaving the sugar clear profit. In addition, the leaves of the plant afford fodder for cattle superior to corn fodder, and also 30 to 40 bushels of seed or grain, which cattle, hogs and poultry feed on with avidity. For both of these, $10 would be a low estimate, which, added to the sugar, would give a nett gain of $70 per acre for a moderate crop. There is little doubt, however, as Mr. Lovering informed me, that 1,500 pounds might easily be obtained. This result compares very favorably with other staple productions of our agriculture. An average crop of wheat on good farms, does not exceed 20 bushels per acre, which, at the present price, is worth $25. From this is to be deducted the expense of cultivation and of preparation for market, not less than $10, leaving only $15 profit, whilst the straw is inferior to the blades and seed of the sugar cane for feeding, and affords, probably less manure than the bagasse, or stalks, after the juice has been expressed. The average crop of corn is not higher than 50 bushels per acre, worth about $30. The expense of cultivation is $10, which leaves $20 of nett gain, less than one-third the profit of the sugar cane.

Mr. Emerson said that Mr. Lovering had communicated to him one fact which was not in his book, and that was, that in boiling the syrup 2 degrees less in temperature was required than in the West Indies. There 240 degrees were required, while Mr. Lovering's experiments showed that only 238 degrees were required.

Mr. Williams said that in the West Indies 5,000 pounds of sugar could be raised on an acre, and in this country only 1,200 pounds could be produced. In the West Indies labor was only 25 cents per day, while in the northern parts of this country wages were much higher. He did not believe that any profit could be realized to the farmers of this country by the production of this sugar.

Mr. Fischer said the machinery used by Mr. Lovering, in making the sugar, could not have cost much over $60, and any man can make this sugar easier than he can a pot of apple butter. Mr. L. was the first to make experiments which would show that every one could enter into its manufacture. There were now about 150 sugar plantations in this country, and the people were taxed 30 per cent. on sugar to keep up these planters, and if there should be several thousand planters at the North, with the same duty continued, we might enter into competition with the Cubans and others.

Mr. Emerson said, that if the farmers generally entered into its manufacture, even in a small way, the aggregate production would be enormous. A gentleman from the West Indies, who was on a visit to this city last summer, had looked with great interest upon the cultivation of the Chinese sugar cane, and he expressed his opinion that it could be produced with more profit in Kentucky and Tennessee than in more northern latitudes.

A resolution was passed, presenting the thanks of the society, and a silver medal to Mr. Lovering.

PATIENCE! why 'tis the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest him in heaven;
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.
—*Decker.*

☞ The value of things is not in their size, but quality: and so of reason, which, wrapped in few words, has the greater weight.

☞ An old Scotch preacher said of a young opponent that he had "a great deal of the young man, not a little of the old man, very little of the new man."

☞ "I have lived to know," says Adam Clarke, "that the greatest secret of human happiness is this—Never suffer your energies to stagnate."

☞ Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For, as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our faults.

☞ A TRUTH FOR LAWYERS TO STARE AT.—The case most easily got up is the staircase.

☞ Among other evils that attend gaming, are these: loss of reputation; loss of health; loss of fortune; loss of temper; ruin of families; defrauding of creditors; and what is often the effect of it, the loss of life itself.

☞ Some women are physically beautiful, and some spiritually. The perfect type should, like old Port, possess both Spirit and Body.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

THE recent attempt to assassinate the Emperor of France, was by means of shells filled with powder, thrown from the upper rooms of an opposite house. The police sprang into the house, and arrested one Italian there heavily armed. A number of other arrests have been made. The report of the number wounded already given, was substantially correct.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 191—Adults 90, and children 101.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

HYPERBOREAN HOPES DISAPPOINTED—AN IMPERIAL FROLIC—A JEWISH FUNERAL.

Paris, January 14, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The cold weather which had come upon us so suddenly at the date of the last, has vanished as speedily as it came. The Seine is covered with lumps of floating ice, the ponds in the Gardens and the Bois de Boulogne are all again in a liquid state, and the innumerable pairs of skates that had been brought out of their usual hiding-places, and paraded with so much satisfaction by their owners, have relapsed into their habitual oblivion. Meantime, Paris is one detestable lake of liquid mud; the great extent of macadamized thoroughfares called by Louis Napoleon to take the place of the paving-stones his loyal subjects are so fond of turning into barricades, providing, on the shortest possible notice, an unlimited supply of the element so fatal to feminine toilets, known here under the contemptuous designation of "Macadam's Milk." The week of freezing through which we have passed witnessed an amount of excitement in the skating and sliding world, of which the inhabitants of regions favored with the rigorous benedictions of an American winter can form no idea. Every bit of frozen puddle was tenanted from morning to night, and as to the serpentine "lakes" of the Bois de Boulogne, which really do present an extent allowing of the showing-off of skillful evolutionists, all the unoccupied part of the Paris population seemed to have transported itself thither. The most elegant vehicles of the great world were drawn up round the edge of the largest piece of water; and their gaily-dressed mistresses, sat delightedly watching the feats of the skaters for hours together, clapping their hands in approbation of any especially fine specimen of the art, or alighted from their carriages, and joined the dense crowd of onlookers gathered on the banks. As the French go very quietly to work about any business occupation, only becoming thoroughly aroused and in earnest when some amusement is going on, the zeal and animation with which everybody entered into the scene was really something curious to witness. The skaters dashed about over the ice as though their hopes of happiness both for this world and for the next depended on their cutting the most elegant figures in the best possible style; and the crowd looked on with an overflowing admiration of their doings, an interest therein which would have prompted any one of their number to feel honored by even being allowed to help the actors on with their skates, envying the skill of the others, and testifying, with vehement gestures of applause their admiration of the lively doings on the ice. On Wednesday, when the cold was at the coldest, and the skating at the merriest, the Emperor and Empress, in their carriage, were stationed for some time in the thickest of the crowd, looking on with just as much eagerness as the rest; the Emperor, at length, getting out of the vehicle, having a pair of skates strapped on to his imperial feet, and dashing into the midst of the skaters, where he flew over the ice, cutting pirouettes of the most approved description, to his own great delight and that of his neighbors; after which he mounted on horseback, and went off at a brisk trot, feeling, no doubt, none the worse for his homely recreation

Poor Rachel, the transcendant tragedian, had not Paris at her funeral. She leaves a fortune of three millions of francs, which sounds enormous in the land of little fortunes, but which, reduced to the denomination of $600,000, seems no great amount to have been amassed by one so rarely gifted, and so long the admitted queen of the stage. This fortune, according to the French law in the case of unmarried mothers, is divided equally between the parents and children of the defunct, half to the former, and half to the latter. She died a Jewess, no matter what stories are spread to the contrary. It is probable that she may have hesitated a little at different periods of her life between the old faith of her childhood, and that to which so much ecclesiatical eloquence has been expended in trying to convert her; and it is known that she had read and pondered many of the Christian publications which discuss the claims of the two systems. But she declined allowing any priest to be introduced as she felt her end approaching; and was attended, through the eight days of her painful death-struggle, by rabbies and Jewish friends; all the ceremonies of the Jewish faith prescribed in the article of death were performed in her room at her express desire, and she ordered that every detail of her funeral should be managed according to the Hebrew ritual. It is simply dishonest, therefore, to assert, as many of the French journals persist in doing, that she embraced Christianity at any period of her life. She lived and died a Jewess.

Another death of public interest is that of the eminent statesman to whom modern Turkey owes so much, and whose disappearance from the arena of European politics is much to be deplored at this time, Mustapha-Redschid-Pasha, whose name is so intimately associated with the efforts of the reform party in Turkey, whom his recent decease has deprived of their chief. He was born at Constantinople in 1799. His father, though not rich, bestowed on Redschid the most careful education that Constantinople could supply; and so well did the son profit by this paternal foresight, that he became, at a very early age, the confidential secretary of his maternal uncle, Ali-Pasha, then Governor of the Morea, and under whose auspices he entered upon that career of public life in which he has been constantly engaged up to the period of his decease.

QUANTUM.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—In the House, on the 4th, Mr. Owen offered a resolution instructing the Special Committee in relation to Kansas not to report on the subject until the 10th of March.

Messrs. Calhoun and Williston, Rose and Lawrence opposed the resolution at length. Mr. Owen advocated the resolution, which was put to a vote and carried—yeas 53, nays 35.

Mr. Calhoun moved to discharge the Committee from the further consideration of the subject. Lost—yeas 39, nays 50.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—The friends of Mr. Keitt who were in his vicinity, say that he was knocked down by Mr. Grow, but was wrenched from his hold on the latter by Mr. Reuben Davis, who interfered as a peacemaker: and further, that as Mr. Keitt premeditated no disturbance with Mr. Grow, he the more seriously regrets its occurrence.

The "Union" of this morning reads Mr. Harris, of Illinois, out of the party, calling him and the Democrats who act with him "a little corporal's guard" and "renegades."

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

COTTON ADVANCED—SKIES BRIGHTENING—INSURRECTIONARY ATTEMPT IN ITALY.

The Arabia arrived at New York on the 7th, with one week's later news.

Lord Elgin had sent his ultimatum to the Chinese authorities, giving them ten days to consider his requirements.

The Emperor Napoleon has opened the French Legislative Assembly with a lengthy speech. He declares the Empire as not hostile to the pacific development of the principles of 1789, but considers liberty without constraint as impossible, while obstinate faction exists, and that excessive prerogative is not present danger but rather the absence of repressive laws. He says the candidates for election must henceforth take the oaths before the election. He concludes by returning thanks and deducing a moral from the recent attempted assassination.

The advices from India, though one week later, furnish nothing from Oude. Two or three successful engagements with the insurgents in other districts are reported.

The English and French forces in China took possession of an island opposite Canton without opposition.

The French admiral has proclaimed the blockade of the Canton river.

A report is mentioned, but considered doubtful, that the American Commodore has offered to act as mediator, and has been accepted by the English.

If the capture of Canton fails to bring the Chinese to terms, a march on Pekin is contemplated.

Heavy gales have been experienced along the English coasts, but no damage to American shipping is reported.

The festivities in honor of the marriage of the Princess Royal to the Prince of Prussia had already commenced, and were progressing according to the programme already published.

Gen. Havelock's son has been created a baronet, and the deceased general's widow has been officially declared to be entitled to all the honors she would have enjoyed had he lived.

Money was plenty in London for loans on stocks at the rate of 2½ per cent., and the best paper was being discounted at the rate of 3½ per cent.

The importations of gold are large, but buyers are scarce, the Bank of England being almost the only purchaser.

Consols during the week advanced three-quarters per cent., closing buoyant and firm.

The English papers report business prospects of the whole country decidedly improving. The East India Company are preparing for a conflict with the government at the opening of Parliament. The European Times says they are putting forth their power in a way that will require all the strength of the cabinet to counteract.

The Common Council of London presented an address to the Emperor Napoleon congratulating him on his escape. British residents in Paris have done the same. Queen Victoria also sent him a telegraph and autograph letter congratulating him.

It is now generally believed that France will demand the expulsion from English soil of suspected foreign refugees.

The trial of the conspirators comes off in Paris on the 10th inst. Twenty-two additional arrests were made at the gardens of the Tuileries, each man with a loaded revolver in his pocket. So says the Paris London Herald, though the report is not confirmed by other papers.

The number of wounded, by the attempted assassination of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie, is not less than one hundred and fifty. Six deaths had occurred. The papers furnish the most voluminous details.

One of the four Italians under arrest has revealed everything connected with the affair.

The Spectateur and Revue de Paris have been suppressed by the French Government.

Accounts had reached Paris of the landing of two hundred partisans of Mazzini at Ancona, Italy, who attempted to surprise the Austrian garrison, but were defeated. Many were killed, others taken prisoners.

The Belgian Government has agreed to allow French Commissioners to sit in Belgium, to inquire concerning the refugees there, and will compel the attendance of witnesses.

AUSTRIA.—The "Oesterriche Zeitung" has been confiscated, in consequence of the publication of an article on the Commercial Academy.

The Bank of Prussia has reduced the rate of discount to 5 per cent.

The Porte is about to concentrate more troops on the Danube, on account of the agitation which the project of emancipating the serfs of Russia causes among the Christians in Turkey.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Jan 22.—All qualities have slightly advanced, and fair and middling qualities have improved ⅛d.

The Manchester advices are favorable; there is a better demand, and holders of goods are taking an advance.

BREADSTUFFS, &c., Jan. 22.—The market closes dull for all descriptions, and prices are weak. Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., quote flour as dull, with a declining tendency. Western Canal is quoted at 22s a 23s 6d. Wheat quiet, common red closing firmer. Corn is dull.

Beef is firm with an improved demand. Pork steady; new Bacon steady at a slight advance. Lard firm at 52s a54s. 6d. for new. All qualities of tallow have advanced. In ten there has been an average business without quotable change in quotations. Sugar firm at an advance of 6d a1s. Coffee firm. Rice closes heavy at a decline of 3d a6d. Pot Ashes steady at 32s 9d a33s.

Rosin and Spirits of Turpentine closed firm.

Messrs. Baring Brothers' Circular quotes Sugar as having opened early in the week at 6d.a1s advance, but at the close quotations were barely maintained.

Iron rails and bars, in wales, are quoted at £6 5s a £6 10s.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Jan. 22.—The money market is slightly easier. The bullion in the Bank of England has increased £1,050,000. The Bank rates of discount is unchanged. The American securities are slow of sale, without alteration in quotations.

FROM KANSAS—*Claims Audited by the U. S. Commissioners — Examination of the Alleged Election Frauds.*—ST. LOUIS, Feb. 5.—The Leavenworth (Kansas) papers of the 30th ult., say that Gen. Stickley, the Commissioner appointed by the President, to audit the claims of the citizens of the Territory, who sustained losses during the difficulties which have existed there, has allowed claims amounting to four hundred thousand dollars.

The Board of Commissioners appointed by the Legislature, are now in session at Leavenworth, engaged in taking testimony relative to alleged election frauds.

REPORTED INSURRECTION IN ARKANSAS.—Chicago, Feb. 5.—A rumor has reached here from Fayetteville, Arkansas, that a fearful slave insurrection had occurred near that place. The insurrection is said to have been incited by two white men.

The negroes attacked two settlements, killing twenty-three persons, burning the houses and killing the cattle. The insurrection was finally subdued by an organization of volunteers who killed seven and captured eighteen of the negroes. The rumor is doubted. It seems a very singular way for news from Arkansas to come—through Chicago, Illinois.

DISTRESSING STEAMBOAT CALAMITY ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—*Between 25 and 50 Persons Reported Lost.*—LOUISVILLE, Feb. 5.—The steamboat Colonel Crossman, while on the trip from New Orleans to St. Louis, burst her boiler, when a mile above New Madrid, Mo., last evening. She was burned to the water's edge.

The accurate number of the lost has not been ascertained, but it is reported that, of the two hundred passengers on board, between twenty-five and fifty either perished in the flames or were drowned. The captain, mate and five ladies are among the saved.

LOUISIANA—*Proposed Importation of Negroes.*—In the Senate of Louisiana, in session at Baton Rouge, notice had been given of the introduction of a bill to import 5000 negroes from the Coast of Africa.

Joint resolutions were also introduced denouncing the acts of Commodore Paulding, and instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives in Congress to cause the views expressed to be carried into effect.

NEWS ITEMS.

MR. KINCAID, toll-keeper on the bridge at Augusta, Me., says that this is the first winter for thirty-three years in which teams have not crossed the Kennebec river on the ice at that place by the first of January.

OPPRESSIVE LAW.—In the year 1632, the General Court of Plymouth Colony made this law, which, from its contrast with our way of doing things, is worth notice:—"That whoever refuses the office of Governor, shall pay twenty pounds sterling, unless he were chosen two years going; and whoever refuses the office of Counsellor or Magistrate, ten pounds sterling."—*Prince's Chronological History of N. E., page 411.*

SOLOMON BARROW, who was poisoned by his mulatto woman, at Cedar Bayou, Texas, was the richest man in Liberty county, and had resided there for 35 years as a stock raiser. Margaret, the bright mulatto of 21 years, who mixed the arsenic with his bread and coffee, had for a long time been old Mr. Barrow's mistress, and he had made a will giving her freedom after his death and $5,000 to carry her to a free State. Mr. Barrow's wife resided under the same roof with him, but he had not spoken to her for eight years. Margaret was arrested.

ON Thursday afternoon, a young lady and gentleman skated from Bangor to Hampden, Me., on a trial of speed. The *Whig* says:—"The young gentleman had the longest legs, but the lady spread the most canvas, and the wind being fair and fresh she beat him by two minutes and a half, and the feat was performed in half an hour. So exhausted were the parties, however, and so strong the head wind to skate back, that they were brought to the city in a carriage."

FINED FOR HISSING.—A young man, named Dunbaving, was arrested in the Gaiety Theatre at New Orleans, La., on Sunday night, the 24th ult., and taken before the Recorder, charged with disturbing the peace of that establishment, by hissing at the introduction of a modern air known as "Rip Sam," in the play of Richard the Third! The Recorder fined him twenty dollars.

VIRGINIA RAILROADS.—The Committee on Roads, in the Virginia Senate, have agreed to report a bill recommending an appropriation of two and a half millions of dollars to the leading lines of railroads in that State, as follows: To the Covington and Ohio Railroad, $800,000; Orange and Alexandria, $300,000; Alexandria, Loudoun and Hampshire, $300,000; Manassas Gap, $200,000; Norfolk and Petersburg, $250,000; York River, $250,000; Richmond and Danville, $200,000; and Virginia Central, $200,000.

A VENERABLE relic of a curious character was dug up near the Hackensack River, a few days since. It was apparently of oak, carved into the similitude of a cow, with its driver, and has probably been intended for the pedestal of some Heathen divinity or other article. The curiosity of the relic consists in the interior being excavated into hollow apartments, without any apparent joints in the wood, or any visible means of getting at the interior without such joint.

DR. JACKSON, the elder, of Boston, meeting his old friend Josiah Quincy (both past eighty years of age,) on the sidewalk, accosted him with,—"Well, Mr. Quincy, how much longer do you intend to live?" "Till I send for a doctor," was the quick reply. "And when did you send for one last?" inquired Dr. J. "Just 86 years ago," answered Mr. Quincy, adding the precise date of his birth.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER, it is said, is reading Shakspeare this winter for the benefit of her long divorced husband, Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, who has lost the bulk of his immense fortune in the late revulsions.—*London Illustrated News.*

SINCE Rachel's death, her children are much talked of. The father of one of them is reputed to be Count Walewski; the Prince Napoleon is credited with another; and it is said that both gentlemen have openly accepted the situation.—*English Paper.*

A LITTLE printing-press has been sent from Paris to Constantinople. It is to find its place in the harem of Ribardy Effendi, and will be used exclusively for the benefit of the Turkish ladies. The wife of Ribardy Effendi is said to be well versed in French and English belle-lettres, and intends to publish a collection of the best occidental novels in a Turkish translation. The enterprising lady is busy turbaning Mr. Thackeray's 'Newcombes.'

DIRECT SOUTHERN TRADE.—The Norfolk Argus makes the important and gratifying announcement that the mission of the Hon. Wm Ballard Preston, in behalf of the Virginia and Western railroads, has been successful. Mr. Preston has succeeded in making arrangements with the Paris and Orleans Railroad Company to run four steamers between the ports of Orleans, France, and Norfolk, Virginia.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

MORE CAMELS.—It is said that a private enterprise is on foot for introducing camels into Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico, in consequence of the success of the Government's experiment with these animals.

DANIEL AND NOAH WEBSTER UNITED.—At a meeting of the friends and believers in spiritualism, held in this town, not long since, among the "relics" of the departed, the spirit of Daniel Webster rapped itself into notice. The great statesman, through the medium—a gray headed believer—acknowledged that he had been a great man, and that he had committed many crimes in the flesh. He had made many mistakes in his social life, in his diplomatic career, in his political course, and there were some, he was sorry to say, in his *Dictionary.*—*Northampton (Mass.) Gazette.*

A CRINOLINE LIFE PRESERVER.—On Saturday last, a young woman, fashionably attired, and who afterwards gave her name as Martha Sheppard, leaped from the top of the balustrade of the bridge over the Serpentine in Hyde Park into the water. When falling, her dress, which had a large hooped crinoline skirt underneath, expanded to its full dimensions, and she came upon the water like a balloon, floating there for several minutes. A buoy belonging to the Royal Humane Society was thrown out to her, and seizing it as she began to sink, she was safely drawn to the side. Upon recovering the power of her tongue, the first use she made of it was to abuse the constable soundly for having rescued her, adding, that she wished she had been drowned before any one saw her, as she had no desire to live.—*English Paper.*

A NOBLEMAN hearing, the other day, that one end of the Leviathan had advanced five feet while the other was stationary, he exclaimed, "Why then she must have stretched!" He had never taken the trouble to notice that she was not being launched in the ordinary way.—*English Paper.*

SOMEBODY has found out a new way of "taking pictures," by which they can be taken as well in the night as in the day-time. A Schenectady daguerreotypist has missed several from the frames hanging by the door, and doesn't approve of the new plan.

SAMUEL C. WADE, of Weymouth, Mass., intended to give his hand to Susan T. Merritt, but altered his mind and gave it to another, and at the same time brought a suit to recover back a piano-forte which he had given to the former, but the court gave a verdict in her favor.

AN Antwerp paper mentions that Queen Victoria, who has of late devoted much time and displayed great talent in the art of photography, has lately sent the Empress Eugenie, as a New Year's present, a charming album full of photographs taken by herself. On the leaves of this very unique work are to be found portraits of the Royal children in the costumes of various Shaksperian characters, the portrait of Prince Albert, together with views of Windsor Castle, Balmoral, and Osborne-house.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 4.—The Grand Jury found yesterday a true bill against General Walker, Colonel Anderson and others, for violating the neutrality laws. They have been held to appear on the fourth Monday in April.

THE General Assembly of Rhode Island have passed a resolution instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives in Congress from that State, to vote against the admission of Kansas into the Union, under the Lecompton Constitution. The vote was nearly unanimous.

AT Norwich, Connecticut, Widow Ann Candall came to a horrible death by hydrophobia, contracted by putting her hand, with a slight abrasion of the skin of one finger, into a pail of water which she had offered to a cow that had been bitten by a mad dog. The froth from the cow's mouth had become mixed with the water. Her design was to rinse out the pail.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* writes that a law-suit has been instituted by M. Auguste Maquet, President of the Commission of Dramatic Authors, against Alex. Dumas. The plaintiff demands the sum of 145,000 francs, or the insertion of his name in future side by side with that of his *collaborateur* upon the title-page of the *Count of Monte Christo*, the *Three Musketeers*, &c. Maquet has without doubt assisted in the composition of all these popular works, but what proportion his labors have borne to those of Dumas is the point in controversy.

AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.—Barth's travels cover Central Africa as far as to within eight degrees north of the Equator. Livingstone's researches come to within the same distance of the South. So that there is still a belt of sixteen degrees, with the Equator as a centre, which no white man has yet visited. Lieut. Burton, celebrated for his successful visit to Mecca and Medina, is now travelling in that portion. He hopes to cross the entire continent midway between the routes of Barth and Livingstone.

THE Toledo Times learns that the fine steamboats running in the railroad lines from Buffalo to Toledo and Detroit are no longer to be used. They have sunk a large amount of money for the railroads owning them, and it is thought best to act on the principle that "the first loss is best." Six fine steamers, costing in the aggregate a million and a half of dollars, will thus be put aside with scarcely a chance of being again brought into requisition.

LEWIS ELLIS, of Harrison township, Fayette county, Indiana, raised three hundred and eighty-seven bushels of corn on three acres of ground last year, being one hundred and twenty-nine bushels to the acre. Mr. Ellis was one of several farmers who desired to get the silver cup offered by the Indiana Agricultural Society last year, for the best three acres of corn, but the cup was not awarded to any one, as none of the competitors reported to the Society before the 25th of December last—the cold weather preventing them from gathering and measuring their corn in time. Mr. Ellis says he would like to see reports from the other competitors.

CHEAP FLOUR.—The following table shows the difference between the price of flour per barrel in the New York market January 27, and the prices which ruled one year since:—

	Jan. 27, '56.	Jan. 27, '57.
Good State,	$4,50	$6.50
Extra State,	4.70	6.99
Good Ohio,	4.35	6.75
Extra Ohio,	5.60	7.20
Southern extra,	6.70	8.00
Canadian extra,	5.90	7.75

IMPORTANT BIBLICAL DISCOVERY.—A close student of the Bible suggests, in the Marietta Intelligencer, that there is reason for supposing that one of the descendants of Aaron, the High Priest, was a native of Ohio. See Ezra vii. 4, which reads:—"The son of Zerahiah, the son of Uzzi, the son of [a] *Bukki!*" (evidently *Buckeye.*)

TUNNELLING THE ALPS.—Turin (Piedmont) journals announce that the cutting through of Mount Cenis, one of the highest of the Alps, has been commenced, and that about twenty yards have already been excavated.

THE steam yacht, built at Boston, for the Pasha of Egypt, has proven a failure, in consequence of the defective boilers and machinery, the first made in New York, the latter in Boston.

SUICIDE OF A SENSITIVE YOUTH.—A letter in the Richmond (Va.) Despatch, says:—"On the 15th of January, 1858, James E. Durvin, a son of James F. and Elizabeth E. Durvin, of the county of Caroline, made way with himself by casting himself in the river not far from his father's residence. The cause of it is not known—only his mother had threatened to correct him if he did not do as she bade him. His age was nine years, eleven months and twenty-three days. James was a fine boy, beloved by his parents and all who knew him.

SNAILS VS. OYSTERS.—The consumption of snails in Paris has increased to such an extent as to seriously injure the oyster trade. A whole side of the new fish market is devoted to these delicacies.

A LATE Dublin paper contains the following advertisement: *To Let*—The upper part of a cellar—to a small family, rent low. P. S.—Privileges on the sidewalk for a pig.

A HEAVY STOCK OPERATION.—At the Stock Board in Boston, Mass., on Wednesday last, three shares of the once famous Vermont Central Railroad, were offered for sale, and brought one cent per share. It was not a "time contract," but for "cash on delivery."

CHINAMEN RETURNING.—The bodies of 300 dead Chinamen are now lying on one of our wharves, nicely packed and directed, ready for shipment to their long home in China. The freight money on this lot is $7,500.—*San Francisco News Letter, Jan. 5.*

AN old and favorite horse, named "Jack," died on the 20th of last month, aged thirty-three years and ten months. He was raised and owned by Robert Playford, farmer of Delaware county, Pennsylvania.—*Correspondent of the Saturday Evening Post.*

THE ship Snow Squall, from Rio Janeiro, furnishes dates to the 24th of December. The financial crisis was beginning to affect business seriously. A panic prevails similar to that in Europe. The Bank of Brazil is discounting to the extent of its liabilities. Loud calls are only made upon the Government for assistance, from which it would appear that a suspension of the Bank charter is contemplated. Business of all kinds was at a stand, and coffee is especially dull. The principal export buyers demand a reduction of 400a500 reis.

LAGER BEER has been decided by the Circuit Court of Brooklyn *not* to be an intoxicating liquor, within the meaning of the statute.

THE following incident of the recent fracas in Congress, is given by the Washington correspondent of the Evening Bulletin: "Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, rushed in to separate the combatants. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, who has a front seat on the Republican side, thinking that he was going to help Keitt, hurried into the melee and knocked Mr. Barksdale's wig off."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—All the Banks of this city, and the Bank of Commerce, and the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, of Georgetown, resumed specie payments, this morning, for all their liabilities.

POISONING CASE.—A singular alleged case of this character, is now being prosecuted in this city—the parties belonging to a "highly respectable" family. Robert P. Kirkpatrick, who resides at the corner of Eleventh and Wallace streets, in the Fourteenth Ward, was before Alderman Eneu, on the 6th, on very serious charges preferred against him by his brother, Mr. Edwin Kirkpatrick, who resides in Arch street above Thirteenth. The poison is alleged to have been contained in a mince-pie, sent as coming from an aunt of the family.

A DEMOCRATIC member of the Legislature of New York, (Hon. J. Jones,) has offered a resolution in favor of the passage of a General Bankrupt Law by Congress.

GEN. SANTA ANNA, in a manifesto dated in Turbaco, New Granada, indignantly denies in his usual "highfaluting" style the charges of Gen. Pillow, that money was employed by General Scott to bribe the Mexican Commander and authorities. He says: "And even had I been a wretch so destitute of honor and dead to the sentiments of virtue, and determined to commit so great a crime, do the advantages of this bargain into which Gen. Pillow asserts I entered, bear any proportion to the sacrifice it would have cost? * * * No! the paltry sum he mentions falsifies the assertion."

☞ The progress of agriculture ought to be one of the objects of your constant care; for upon its improvement or decline depends the prosperity or decline of empires.—*Speech of Napoleon III.*

AFRICAN SOLDIER ANTS.

FROM LIVINGSTON'S MISSIONARY TRAVELS.

Walking down to the forest, after telling these poor people, for the first time in their lives, that the Son of God had so loved them as to come down from Heaven to save them, I observed many regiments of black soldier-ants, returning from their marauding expeditions. These I have often noticed before in different parts of the country; and as we had even at Kolubeng an opportunity of observing their habits, I may give a short account of them here. They are black, with a slight tinge of gray, about half an inch in length, and on the line of march appear three or four abreast; when disturbed, they utter a distinct hissing or chirping sound. They follow a few leaders who never carry anything, and they seem to be guided by a scent left on the path by the leaders; for happening once to throw the water from my basin behind a bush where I was dressing, it lighted on the path by which a regiment had passed before I began my toilette, and when they returned they were totally at a loss to find the way home, though they continued searching for it nearly half an hour. It was found only by one making a long circuit round the wetted spot. The scent may have indicated also the propriety of their going in one direction only. If a handful of earth is thrown on the path, at the middle of the regiment, either on its way home or abroad, those behind it are completely at a loss as to their further progress. Whatever it may be that guides them, they seem only to know that they are not to return, for they come up to the handful of earth, but will not cross it, though not a quarter of an inch high. They wheel round and regain their path again, but never think of retreating to the nest, or to the place where they have been stealing. After a quarter of an hour's confusion and hissing, one may make a circuit of a foot round the earth, and soon all follow in that roundabout way. When on their way to attack the abode of the white ants, the latter may be observed rushing about in a state of great perturbation. The black leaders distinguished from the rest by their greater size, especially in the region of the sting, then seize the white ants one by one, and inflict a sting, which seems to inject a portion of fluid similar in effect to chloroform, as it renders them insensible but not dead, and only able to move one or two front legs. As the leaders toss them on one side, the rank and file seize them and carry them off. One morning I saw a party going forth on what has been supposed to be a slave-hunting expedition. They came to a stick, which being enclosed in a white-ant gallery, I knew contained numbers of this insect; but I was surprised to see the black soldiers passing without touching it. I lifted up the stick and broke a portion of the gallery, and then laid it across the path in the middle of the black regiment. The white ants, when uncovered, scampered about with great celerity, hiding themselves under the leaves, but attracted little attention from the black marauders, till one of the leaders caught them, and applying his sting, laid them in an instant on one side in a state of coma; the others then promptly seized them and rushed off. On first observing these marauding insects at Kolobeng, I had the idea, imbibed from a work of no less authority than Brougham's Paley, that they seized the white ants in order to make them slaves; but having rescued a number of captives, I placed them aside, and found that they never recovered from the state of insensibility into which they had been thrown by the leaders. I supposed then that the insensibility had been caused by the soldiers holding the necks of the white ants too tightly with their mandibles, as that is the way they seize them; but even the pupæ which I took from the soldier ants, though placed in a favorable temperature, never became developed. In addition to this, if any one examines the orifice by which the black ant enters his barracks, he will always find a little heap of hard heads and legs of the white ants, showing that these black ruffians are a grade lower than slave-stealers, being actually cannibals. Elsewhere, I have seen a body of them removing their eggs from a place in which they were likely to be flooded by the rains: I calculated their numbers to be 1,200; they carried their eggs a certain distance, and then laid them down, when others took them and carried them further on. Every ant in the colony seemed to be employed in this laborious occupation, yet there was not a white slave-ant among them. One cold morning, I observed a band of another species of black ant, returning each with a captive: there could be no doubt of their cannibal propensities, for the "brutal soldiery" had already deprived the white ants of their legs. The fluid in the stings of this species is of an intensely acid taste. I had often noticed the stupefaction produced by the injection of a fluid from the sting of certain insects before. It is particularly observable in a hymenopterous insect called the "plasterer" *(Pelopœus Ecklonii,)* which in its habits resembles somewhat the mason-bee. It is about an inch and a quarter in length, jet black in color, and may be observed coming into houses, carrying in its fore-legs a pellet of soft plaster about the size of a pea. When it has fixed upon a convenient pot for its dwelling, it forms a cell about the same length as its body, plastering the walls, so as to be quite thin and smooth inside. When this is finished, all except a round hole, it brings seven or eight caterpillars or spiders, each of which is rendered insensible, but not killed, by the fluid from its sting. These it deposits in the cell, and then one of its own larvæ, which, as it grows, finds food quite fresh. The insects are in a state of coma, but the presence of vitality prevents putridity or that drying up which would otherwise take place in the climate. By the time the young insect is full grown and its wings completely developed, the food is done. It then pierces the wall of its cell at the former door, or place last filled up by its parent, flies off, and begins life for itself. The plasterer is a most useful insect, as it acts as a check on the inordinate increase of caterpillars and spiders. It may often be seen with a caterpillar or even a cricket much larger than itself, but they lie perfectly still after the injection of chloroform, and the plasterer, placing a row of legs on each side of the body, uses both legs and wings in trailing the victim along. The fluid in each case is, I suppose, designed to cause insensibility and likewise act as an antiseptic, the death of the victim being without pain. Without these black soldier-ants, the country would be overrun by the white ants: they are so extremely prolific, and nothing can exceed the energy with which they work. They perform a most important part in the economy of nature, by burying vegetable matter as quickly beneath the soil as the ferocious red ant does dead animal substances. The white ant keeps generally out of sight, and works under galleries constructed by night, to screen them from the observation of birds. At some given signal, however, I never could ascertain what, they rush out by hundreds, and the sound of their mandibles cutting grass into lengths may be heard like a gentle wind murmuring through the leaves of the trees. They drag these pieces to the doors of their abodes, and after some hours' toil leave off work, and many of the bits of grass may be seen collected around the orifice. They continue out of sight for perhaps a month, but they are never idle. On one occasion, a good bundle of grass was laid down for my bed, on a spot which was quite smooth and destitute of plants. The ants at once sounded the call to a good supply of the grass. I heard them incessantly nibbling and carrying away all the night; and they continued all next day (Sunday) and all that night too with unabated energy. They had thus been thirty-six hours at it, and seemed as fresh as ever. In some situations, if we remained a day, they devoured the grass beneath my mat, and would have eaten that too, had we not lain down more grass. At some of their operations they beat time in a curious manner. Hundreds of them are engaged in building a large tube, and they wish to beat it smooth. At a signal, they all give three or four energetic bents on the plaster in unison. It produces a sound like the dropping of rain off a bush when touched. These insects are the chief agents employed in forming a fertile soil. But for their labors, the tropical forests, bad as they are now with fallen trees, would be a thousand times worse. They would be impassable on account of the heaps of dead vegetation lying on the surface, and emitting worse affluvia than the comparatively small unburied collections do now. When one looks at the wonderful adaptations throughout creation, and the varied operations carried on with such wisdom and skill, the idea of second causes looks clumsy. We are viewing the direct handiwork of Him who is the one and only Power in the universe; wonderful in counsel; in whom we all live and move and have our being.

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR OF "VATHEK."—When on the Continent, any extraordinary sights had been certain to attract Beckford's attention—anything like conjuring or magic rousing his curiosity. In Paris, about the revolutionary time, 1789, he stated that he met with an individual who said he would introduce him to a real magician. Everybody then believed in supernatural things. The personage in question was an old man, who lived in a remote part of the city. He described the approach to the man's residence as being through a carpenter's yard, apparently deserted. Passing on, he entered a large apartment, in which he was met by the owner, in a magician's garb. There was tapestry on the walls, which were decorated with a number of tasteful ornaments. At the back of the room was a garden, the descent to which was by stone steps. On the summit of these stood a large vase, apparently filled with spring water. After a little ordinary conversation, the stranger desired his visitor to look into the vase. "Was the water transparent—clear?" "Yes." The exhibitor then uttered some kind of abracadabra, and the water seemed to become at once full of the most extraordinary creatures, in all sorts of animal combinations. The apartment, too, suddenly appeared full of appearances of the same description. He was astonished, and drew back, hardly knowing whether it was reality or deception. He had scarcely recovered from his surprise and admiration, when the whole of the creatures disappeared;—even the old man had taken himself off. It was the most mysterious thing he had ever encountered. He was certain it was a trick; but how performed, and why, as he had paid nothing for the exhibition, he never discovered; for he never saw the chief performer afterwards.—Nelson being at Fonthill, he proposed to give the hero a drive through his grounds. He had a ride, from fifteen to twenty miles in extent, through his plantations. He drove four very gentle animals, of which he had a perfect command. Nelson took a place by his side, but, observing the horses a little lively, he became uneasy, and, in a few moments requested his host to pull up, he "could not bear it any longer." This is a singular instance of the effect of habit in a brave man, of whom a battery of cannon quickened the courage, and who dreaded no foe, sword in hand.—*From Redding's Recollections.*

HOW OUR ANCESTORS BRIBED.—There is a variety most creditable to English invention in the way in which our ancestors administered their bribes. At one place a mysterious person used to arrive with the cash, known as the "Man in the Moon," who approached at nightfall, and was at once met with, "What news from the moon?" This was a poetic form. Then there was the humorous form. "I'll lay you five guineas," said a celebrated canvasser in Fox's contest of 1784, "and stake the money in your own hands, that you will not vote for Mr. Fox." "Done!" says the free and independent, and wins his bet and bribe. Another playful plan was to buy the elector's canary at a price that would have been handsome for a bird of Paradise—a very pretty kind of bird fancying! Sometimes men showed perfect genius in availing themselves of professional advantages. Thus a military gentleman employed in the recruiting service once stood for Great Grimsby, and enlisted a majority of the voters for soldiers with a liberal bounty! Such anecdotes as these constitute the literature of electioneering; and there is probably not a town or county in England where there is not an elderly gentleman with a small batch of them. In a contest a good many years ago in North Briton, one of the parties had strong reasons to suspect a particular voter of having taken a bribe—a considerable bribe, too—for votes were valuable. A sharp enemy resolved to make an attempt on him. Accordingly, as the man entered the poll, he whispered in his ear rapidly—"They're making a fule of ye, Jock; they are a' bad." "The scoundrels!" exclaimed his dupe; and down on the table he flung a batch of notes. They were impounded at once by the authorities, and the man's suffrage was invalidated.—*Quarterly Review.*

☞ Bayard Taylor thinks that "Sweden and the United States will in the end establish the fact that lager bier is more efficacious in preventing intemperance, than any amount of prohibitory law."

☞ Democritus laughed at the whole world, but at nothing more in it, than people's pursuit of riches and honor.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW;

OR,

JESSIE BROWN.

Founded on an Incident in the Siege.

PART I.

I was the colonel's daughter,
Jessie Brown was the corporal's wife,
And we worked like loving sisters,
In the trenches for dear life.
She was a Highland lassie,
While I was English born,
And we had toiled together in Lucknow,
From the midnight to the morn.

Our hearts were very heavy,
For no succors seemed at hand
While around us glared the Sepoys
Those tigers of the land
So she sunk into a slumber,
With her head upon my knee,
While I battled with a drowsiness
Which crept stealthily o'er me.

For against her Highland vigor,
I had matched my English pride,
And bone and muscle have never
As yet with honor vied.
But we were resting near to
The sentry's solemn beat,
So I glided into slumber,
'Neath the pacing of his feet.

And in my dreams I wandered
To my native land away,
And stood beside my mother,
The Queen of blithesome May.
When a sudden shriek recalled me
To Lucknow's trenches again—
'Twas Jessie Brown who shouted,
In a voice which pierced my brain.

"Dinna ye hear it now, men,
Over the hills awa'!
'Tis the pibroch of the Highlanders!
Oh! God has saved us a'!"
As tho' an angel trumpet
Had sounded through the sky,
The soldiers all stood listening,
Till my father made reply.

"You have been dreaming, Jessie,
No help for us is nigh—
The sound you heard, poor lassie,
Was the Sepoy's demon cry!
But, by the heavens above us,
Before ye lassies fall
Into those devils' clutches,
This hand shall slay ye all!"

He raised it in the sunlight,
He raised it white and fair,
And on its snowy whiteness
I saw God's image there.

PART II.

But Jessie stood unconscious,
With her ear against the hill,
While the bearded warriors round her
Were as marble statues still!
Her eyes were fixed and trancelike,
Her lips were half apart,
She seemed to hold her breathing,
And to stop her beating heart.

As I looked on her in stupor,
She raised her hand on high,
And shrieked, in a voice of gladness
Which rang thro' earth and sky—
"Now, dinna ye hear the pibroch
Over the hills awa'!
And the slogan of the Campbell,
The grandest of them a'?"

As tho' a bolt had smote her,
She fell before us all.
With such a sudden motion
I could not break her fall!
And as I gently raised her,
To rest her on my knee,
We heard the pibroch playing
Its Highland melody.

And we saw the tartan bonnets,
Just rising o'er the hill—
Then our soldiers gave one deafening cheer,
Methinks I hear it still.
And on the noble army,
Through blood and smoke and flame,
Within the gates of Lucknow
Like Christ's salvation came.

Deep were the manly greetings
Of the savers and the saved,
And proudly o'er the ramparts
The flag of Britain waved!
While the gallant warriors plighted
That night in the brimming glass,
The health of Jessie Brown,
The Highland bonnie lass;
And sung "Hail to the pibroch,
That came o'er the hills awa',
And hail to the Campbell's Slogan,
The grandest of them a'!"

VANDALISM OF THE WORLD.—Fancy what we should have had around us now, if, instead of quarrelling and fighting over their work, the nations had aided each other in their work, or if even in their conquests, instead of effacing the memorials of those they succeeded and subdued, they had guarded the spoils of their victories. Fancy what Europe would be now, if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks—if the broad roads and massive walls of the Romans—if the noble and pathetic architecture of the middle ages—had not been ground to dust by mere human rage. You talk of the scythe of time, and the tooth of time: I tell you Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm—we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish—ourselves who consume: we are the mildew and the flame; and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illumine. All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction—the marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff—but we men have ground it to powder, and mixed it with our own ashes; the walls and the ways would have stood—it is we who have left not one stone upon another, and restored its pathlessness to the desert; the great cathedrals of old religion would have stood—it is we who have dashed down the carved work with axes and hammers, and bid the mountain-grass bloom upon the pavement, and the sea-winds chaunt in the galleries.—*Ruskin.*

CUNNING BIRDS.—The day was very hot, and, seeking a shady tree, whose branches overhung the stream, I sought shelter from the sun's rays and rest for my legs. I was soon interested in watching a colony of the pretty little yellow orioles, which were building their nest in the trees near the river. They had selected those branches that were pliant and overhung the stream, a little additional weight on which would have lowered them into the water: they were thus secure from the depredations of birds-nesting monkeys, whose egg-hunting attempts might have resulted in a ducking. These birds seemed to be excellent weavers, and knit the grass in the most ingenious way. Their nests were made in the shape of a glass retort, the necks pointing downwards.—*Sporting Scenes Among the Kaffirs of South Africa. By Capt. A. W. Drayson, R. A.*

HOW BEN PURTLE GOT HIS WIFE

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle. He was red haired, and each hair stood as if it cherished the supremest contempt for its next neighbor. His face was as freckled as the most bespotted turkey egg. His nose supported at the bridge a large lump, while the end turned viciously to one side. His mouth had every shape but a pretty shape. His form was as uncouth as his face was ugly. The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle—what was more still, Ben had a handsome, bouncing, blooming wife—such as can only be grown upon a country lawn.

"How the deuce," said I to Ben one day, "did you ever get such a wife, you uncouth, misshapen, quintessence of monstrosity?"

Ben was not at all offended by the impertinence of my question, and forthwith began to solve the mystery thus:

"Well, now, gals what's sensible ain't catched by sons of your party, and hifalutin airs. I've seed that tried more'n once. You know Kate was allers considerable the partiest girl in these parts, and all the young fellers in the naborhood used to try to cotch her. Well, I used to go over to old Sammy's too, just to hinder look on, you know, and cast sheep's eyes at Kate. But marcy sakes! I had no more thought that I could get Kate than a Jerusalem cricket could hide in the hair that wasn't on old Sammy's bald head—no sirce. But still I couldn't help going, an' my heart would hinder flutter, and my eyes would burn all over, whenever I'd go to talk with Katy. And one day when Kate sorter made fun of me like, it almost killed me sure; I went home with something like a rock jostling about in my breast, and declared I'd hang myself with the first plow line I found."

"Did you hang yourself?"

"No; daddy blazed out to me for not taking old Ball to the pasture in the morning, and scared me so that I forgot it."

"Go on," said I, seeing Ben pause with apparent regret that he had not executed his vow.

"Well, so one Monday morning—(I reckon it was a year after that hanging scrape)—I got up and scraped my face with daddy's old razor; and put on my new copprus britches, and a new linsey coat mammy had dyed with sassafras bark, and went over to Uncle Sammy's. Now, I'd got to loving Kate like all creation, but I never cheeped to anybody about my feelings. But I knowed I was on the right side of the old folks.

"Well, now, ain't it queer," continued Ben, "How a feller will feel sometimes? Something seemed to say as I went along, 'Ben Purtle, this is a great day for you,' and then my heart jumped and fluttered like a jay bird in a trap. And when I got there and seed Kate with her new checked home-spun frock on, I rally thought I should take the blind staggers, anyhow."

Ben paused again to brush the fog from his eyes, and then continued:

"Well, I found the order of the day, was to go muscandine hunting. Joe Sharp and his two sisters, and Jim Bowels was thar. I'd knowed a long time that Sharp was right after Kate, and I hated him worse than a hog hates to find his way out of a tater patch; but I didn't let on. Sharp had on white britches and fine shoes, and broadcloth overcoat, but everybody knowed he wasn't worth a red cent. He walked with Kate, and *you ought to have seen the airs he put on.* It was 'Miss Kate' this, and 'Miss Kate' that, and all such nonsense. After a while we come near a slough whar we had to cross on a log, and I'd a notion to pitch the sassy good-for-nothing into the water."

"Why didn't you?"

"Stop, never mind, said Ben, giving me a nudge, Providence done that all up brown. Nothing must do but Joe Sharp must lead Miss Kate across fust. He jumped on the log in high glee and took Kate's hand, and they put off. Just as they got half way across, a tarnation big bull frog jumped off into the water—you know how they holler—'Snakes!' screamed the fool, and knocked Kate off up to her waist in the nasty, black, muddy water. And what dy'e think he done? Why run backwards and forards, a hollerin' for a pole to help Kate out of the water. Kate looked at me, and I couldn't stand it no longer. Curchuck I lit ten feet from the bank at the first jump, and had Kate out of there in no time. And d'ye think the scamp didn't come up after we'd got out, and said: 'Ar you hurt, Miss Kate?'

"My dander was up. I couldn't stand it; I cotched him by the seat of his white britches and his coat collar, and gin him a toss. Maybe he didn't go clear under when he hit the water. I didn't see him out. Me and Kate put for the house. When we started off, Kate said:

"'Ben, just let me hold on to your arm. I kinder feel sorter weak.'

"Gepest Jiminy! I felt so quar when she took hold. I tried to say something nice, but my drotted mouth would not go off, no how. But I felt as strong as an elephant, and helped Kate along. Bimeby Kate said:

"'Ben, that Joe Sharp's a good for nothing, sneaking, cowardly nobody; of he ever puts his head inside of our house again, I'll souse him with dish-water, sure.'

"I tried to say something again, but hang the luck, I couldn't say nothing, but squeezed Kate's hand, and sighed like a cranky bellus.

"When we'd got clean out of sight of the others, Kate says:

"'Ben, I feel that you are my protector, and believe daddy's right when he says you're worth all the rest of the boys in the naborhood.'

"'Ben Purtle,' says I, 'this is a great day for you,' and I made a tremendous effort to get my mouth off again, and out it popped, sure enough.

"'Kate,' said I, trembling all over, 'I love you to destruction, and no mistake. I've loved you long and hard. My heart's been almost broken for years; and I want you to say right straight up and down, whether you're a-going to have me or not?'

"Kate hung down her head and didn't say nothing, but I felt encouraged, for she kinder sighed. Says I, 'Kate, ef you're a gwine to have me, say so, and ef you don't want to say so, just squeeze my hand.'

"Well, she squeezed my hand right off. Lorry how I did feel. I felt like as a stream of warm water or sassafras tea, sweetened with molasses, was running through my bones!—and I just cotched her in my arms and kissed her, and she never tried the first time to get loose."

Ben was so overcome with this narration of courtship, that a pause for breath was necessary.

"How long after that," said I, "before you were married?"

"Old Sammy was mighty proud, and so was the old 'oman, about the thing, and we married next fall after the muscandine scrape."

"Do you think your wife loves you yet?" I asked.

"Why, Lordy, yes. She thinks I'm the purtiest and best feller in the world. I tell you, sir, it's no use talking; highfalutin airs, and quality dressing, and cologne, and such things, ain't gwine to go down with sensible gals, sure."

ALONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the wilderness of winter
There is one doth dwell apart,
In a most fantastic dwelling,
That he builded like a heart

Closed—Closed—
Window and door—
Bolted and barred forevermore!

The traveller travelling there at dawn,
Heareth a voice that saith "Alack!"
But the walls are thick, and the curtains are drawn—
The curtains are all black;—

Heareth a voice that saith "Alack;"
But no one answereth at the knock,
And to the visitor, through the lock,
An echo crieth back

For the master of that mansion
Liveth alone and aloof,
As the snow, the snow, the snow,
Which I know is on my roof;
As the snow in the clouds, and the frost in the skies,
Over my roof, over my roof.

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

DEATH OF RACHEL.—The foreign journals give sketches of the famous actress whose remarkable tragic powers have been witnessed by so many people in this country. Her early history is cited as forming a startling and romantic contrast to the fame and prosperity she afterwards attained. She was born March 24th, 1820, at the little Swiss village of Munf, and in early life accompanied her parents through Switzerland and Germany, as they went about selling articles at fairs. The family, at times, it is said, suffered great privations from their poverty, but by the talents of their daughter they were raised to affluence. The following admirable notice of the deceased is from Lloyd's Weekly:—

"Her story is an interesting one. The daughter of a common hawker, she began life by singing outside the Boulevard cafes, and picking up sous from the coffee-drinkers. In this position she attracted attention, was befriended, obtained a hearing at a theatre, and so made known the fiery genius that was within her. * * * * * As the best tragedian of her time—as the great actress who could give life even to those automata called men and women in classic French tragedy—as the wild woman, with an inextinguishable fire in her heart, who, in the stormy days of the last revolution drew the tri-color about her spare form and chaunted, in ghostly tones, 'The Marseillaise,' she is identified with her time. She has lived only thirty-seven years: yet, for many winters past, has every movement, every saying, every project, connected with her name deeply interested her countrymen. Her death leaves a gap in her world that will not easily be filled up. She was an original genius, and we must deplore the extinction of her fire; for in these times we are not overburdened with real and great inspiration."

A FOX'S EFFRONTERY.—One evening, in snowy weather, when we were returning from a wild boar chase, a hare started before us in the open plain, and made off directly for the wood. A few of our dogs observed her, and followed her. But she had scarcely time to reach the thicket before we heard her utter a cry of distress. I imagined that one of our dogs had caught her, or else that she was taken in a trap: I ran off, as fast as my legs could carry me, in order to take possession of her before the dogs arrived and ate her up. But it was quite a different joke to that; Pussey still continued to scream, and her voice sounded more distant as I approached the spot. Curious to find out the enigma, I redoubled my efforts to gain a young wood close at hand, which the animal must pass, and have the mystery explained. What do I behold? A fox, who has broken cover twenty paces from me, dragging and towing the unhappy hare over the snow, and, as may easily be supposed, not a little encumbered with so heavy a burden. Such impudence merited chastisement; the culprit was not allowed a moment's respite. The shameless wretch had had the audacity, on hearing the dogs, to go and meet the hare, and snatch it away from them under their very noses, not three hundred yards from the starting-point.—*Times.*

GENERAL HAVELOCK.—The Calcutta correspondent of the London Times says:—

"The deceased General has been a prominent character in Indian history for nearly twenty years. He was one of the few who passed through the Afghan campaigns with added reputation. In the first Punjaub war he was Lord Hardinge's most trusted friend. A slight, spare man, about five feet five inches in height, with an emaciated face and an eagle eye, he belonged emphatically to the class who have never to contend with disobedience or mutiny. As a general, he was the best tactician we have had in India; and as an officer, though stern, and sometimes exacting, his antique heroism made him the idol of his men. He was, indeed, perhaps the bravest man in his own army, and was never so chatty or agreeable as under fire. Like most of our Indian statesmen and soldiers, the Lawrences, Edwards, Nicholson, Montgomery, and many others, he was a Christian of the old stamp; a strong, God-fearing Puritan man, who thought often in Scriptural phrase, and deemed it no shame to teach his soldiers to pray. 'Turn out the saints,' said Lord Gough on one occasion, when he anticipated desperate work; 'Havelock never blunders, and his men are never drunk.'"

A LABOR FOR SCIENCE.—A geologist in England, Mr. S. H. Beckles, Esq., F. G. S., in order to ascertain if mamalia, or other air-breathing animals of a high order, existed in any number during the age in which the Secondary rocks were deposited, has caused to be removed many thousand tons of rock, and laid bare an area of nearly seven thousand square feet. He found in a bed of Secondary rocks splendid specimens of mamalia, which destroys the theory that a fish by length of time becomes a reptile, an ape, and finally a man, and which tends to prove that not merely species, but whole orders were created from time to time by some absolute act of the Almighty mind.

Useful Receipts.

PREVENTIVE OF POTATO ROT.—A subscriber informs us that one bushel of air-slaked lime to one hundred bushels of potatoes, well spread through the heap, will prevent the potatoes from rotting in the bin.—*Maine Farmer.*

RUST ON GUN-BARRELS.—I would recommend the following recipe for preventing rust on gun-barrels:—3 oz. black-lead; ½ lb. hogs' lard; ½ oz. camphor, boiled upon a slow fire. The gun-barrels to be rubbed with this, and after thirty-six hours rubbed off with a linen cloth—twice in the winter will be sufficient. I have used the above for the last two years, during which time my barrels have been in constant use upon the sea coast, and have never been rebronzed. It gives the barrels a beautiful gloss. After washing, a little neat's-foot oil, occasionally applied with a hare's foot, is useful.—*London Field.*

TO PREVENT COWS LOSING THEIR MILK.—Francis Van Doren, of Adrian, Michigan, had a valuable cow that lost much of her milk, and found a preventive in placing an India rubber ring around the teat after milking. He says this is found effectual.

CURE FOR RINGBONE.—A cure I know to be sure, it having cured a valuable horse for me, after lameness of two years, during which time the horse was not harnessed. I have used her on road and farm for nine years since the cure. Take 1 oz. of camphor gum; 1 oz. oil of spike; 1 oz. hartshorn; 1 oz. spirits of turpentine. Shake well together, and it is fit for use; put it on above the ring, and rub it in with the finger. Use twice a day.—*Correspondent of Rural New Yorker.*

WASHING RECEIPT.—Take one pound soda and a half pound unslaked lime, put them in a gallon of water, and let them boil twenty minutes; let it stand till cool, then drain off, and put in a stone jug or jar. Soak your dirty clothes over night, or until they are wet though; then wring them out and rub plenty of soap, and in one boiler of clothes well covered with water, add one teaspoonful of washing fluid. Boil half an hour briskly, then wash them thoroughly through one suds, and rinse through two waters well, and your clothes will look better than they did by the old way of washing twice before boiling.

This is invaluable, and every poor, tired woman should try it. With a patent tub to do the rubbing, the washerwoman might take the last novel and compose herself on the lounge, and let the washing do itself. The exchange paper from which we copy the above, says it is worth $100.

CURE FOR A DRY COUGH.—Take of powdered gum arabic half an ounce, liquorice juice half an ounce. Dissolve the gum first in warm water, squeeze in the juice of a lemon, then add of paregoric, two drachms, syrup of squills one drachm. Cork all in a bottle and shake well. Take one teaspoonful when the cough is troublesome.

STRANGE CURE FOR EPILEPSY.—An instance of the utility of a black silk handkerchief in cases of epilepsy occurred two days ago in Paris. A young girl fell down in the public streets in a strong epileptic fit. A crowd immediately collected round her, but for some moments nobody could think of any means of assistance. A policeman, however, coming up, and seeing what was the matter, asked a by-stander to lend him a black silk neck-cloth, and, having obtained it, he covered the girl's face with the silk, and in the course of a few seconds she began to recover. The convulsions ceased, consciousness returned, and in a short time she got up and walked quietly home, having first thanked the officer for his kindness. A medical man, who happened to be present towards the termination of the scene, complimented the policeman, and said to him: "You have taught me a mode of treatment of which I shall avail myself in future."—*Standard.*

SOAP MAKING.—The following recipe for making soap is by a lady who took the premium for a very superior article at the late Fair of the Virginia State Agricultural Society:—

"Have ready hickory lye, strong enough to bear an egg, showing the size of a dime above the surface of the lye. To three pounds of clean fat, after being melted, add two gallons of the lye and a bit of lime the size of a walnut; boil fast, and stir frequently. When it has boiled an hour, stir in two more gallons of the lye; continue to stir it often, and always one way. After it has boiled for several hours, take out a spoonful and cool it on a plate; if it does not jelly, add a very little water; if this causes it to jelly, add water to that *in* the kettle—stir it very quickly while the water *is* poured *in*, till you perceive that it ropes on the stick, or becomes heavy. When this is the case, you have what is called jelly soap, or soft soap by some. To make it hard, stir one quart of salt into the kettle, and let it boil ten minutes longer; set it by to cool. Next day cut the soap out of the kettle, and clarify it by melting it over, adding water enough barely to cover it; let it just come to a boil, and set it away. When perfectly cool and firm, turn it out of the oven, scrape off any of the residuum that may adhere to the cake of soap, cut it in pieces, and place it on boards to harden.

"To make this soap fit for toilet purposes, it is only necessary to cut it into thin shavings, place it in a very nice tin pan, add a little water, scarcely enough to cover the shavings; set it on some embers and stir and heat it with a nice spoon till it becomes a smooth jelly; while in this state, if you wish to color it dissolve Chinese vermillion in a little water, and stir it in till you get the desired hue; take it off the fire, and add oil of lavender, bergamot, sassafras, or any other essential oil, the scent of which you like; and while it is somewhat liquid pour it into moulds."

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.—He who leaves the ideal for the real is in the condition of Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," who left contemplating the mere images of things for the things themselves. Her happiness was dependent on her remaining ever content to weave into her "magic web" the "shadows" of beauty which she saw reflected in a mirror; and "a curse was on her," should she turn from the mirror to grasp at the possession of the realities it imagined. But the romantic *semblance* of "bold Sir Launcelot" was too seducing. She left the loom to look upon the knight, in his *substance*—

Out flew the web, and floated wide:
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

'TIS BETTER TO GRIN THAN TO GROWL.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

Let hard times assail us,
Let poverty nail us,
Like mystical horse-shoes to every wall,
Let deep tribulation
And fierce desolation,
Spread over all lands like a funeral pall;
Though empty our purses,
Though creditors curse us,
And quarters are squeezed till the eagles all howl,
Let's have merry faces,
And smiles for all places,
Remembering 'tis better to grin than to growl!

What though banks are breaking,
And "big houses" quaking
Last one day undo all they ever have done,
Our crossness can't mend it,
Our weeping won't end it,
Why not take the bright side and call it all fun?
Will forfeited pleasures
Or imbecile measures
Bring back our lost confidence? lift the dark cowl?
No! No! To-day's sorrow
Brings no brighter morrow:
When things will go bad, let us grin and not growl!

But let us keep thinking
That though we are sinking,
We can't go much further, because it won't pay!
The old saw not forgetting,
That's cured lots of fretting,
"The hour that is darkest is just before day."
Though vacant our purses,
Though creditors curse us,
Though quarters are squeezed till the eagles all howl,
Let's keep merry faces,
And smiles for all places,
For surely 'tis better to grin than to growl!

A STORY OF A FOG.

As the evenings became long and the country dull, my friend Thompson yielded to the entreaties of his wife and daughters that they should give an evening party; and once enlisted in the undertaking, he determined that it should be done well, for, in pleasure as in business, he liked to do the right thing; he therefore willingly undertook the execution of a number of commissions in town from a copious list furnished by Mrs. T. Thompson is a London merchant, head of a great indigo house of Thompson, Son & Co., of Blue Lane, and too sensible a man to live in the smoke and dirt of the great city; his neat and well-appointed villa, about twelve miles down the North-Western line, and within a short drive of a convenient station, is the very beau ideal of what the residence of a well-to-do city gentlemen ought to be.

On leaving home in the morning of the day of the party, Thompson of course received strict injunctions from his wife, backed by the rest of the female portion of his family, to be sure to come home early, which he readily promised to do, if possible; and after making some remarks about the claims of business, laughingly bade them not to forget the standing direction to despatch the vehicle (he would not allow either himself or his wife or daughters to call his handsome equipage "the carriage") by the turnpike-road to meet him, if by chance he should not return by the last train. He fully intended, however, to be home an hour or two earlier than usual, so as to take down with him the lobs, game, extra wines, and other requisites for a first-rate "sit-down" supper, and to be able to decant the wine himself, and generally assist Mrs. T. in the final arrangements before his guests should arrive. *But it so happened*, that on reaching the city, Mr. Thompson found an unusual mass of things demanding his attention. He soon gave up all idea of getting away early, but managed to execute his commissions, which he sent off by the train he had hoped to go by.

But even the hour of what he called his own train passed before he could get through the unexpected pressure of business, and there was nothing for it but to wait for the last,—the last, that is, that stopped at his station,—which left London at nine o'clock. This was annoying, and the waiting would have been irksome but that he occupied himself in fetching up some arrears of correspondence, and in other business matters; and finally, sending for a Hansom cab, he started in capital time for Euston Square, not so much vexed at his detention as those who are not "business-men" might imagine.

The day had been dark and snowy, and with the night came a sharp frost and fog, which latter got thicker and thicker as they drove up Holborn. At length, just as they entered one of the squares, the "London peculiar" became so dense that it was difficult for the driver to take his bearings even by the aid of the lamps, which had dwindled into mere specks of light, visible occasionally here and there. The Jehu of the high-wheeled cab was reduced to a walk, and even at that cautious pace made some very unfortunate speculations as to his course, now grating against the railings of the enclosure in the centre of the square, and now getting on the foot-pavement.

"Push on, cabby," said Thompson, soaringly, during one of the numerous stoppages that occurred.

"Easy said, sir," replied cabby: "but while my wheel is locked in these here railings, I don't see where I can push to, unless it's down the hairy."

Just then the fog cleared off a little, and exhibited to both fare and driver the curious fact that they had been going back, the horse's head being turned towards Holborn. The true state of affairs, however, being thus ascertained, cabby wheeled about, and was going along at a spanking pace to make up for lost time, when another dense mass of fog loomed over, and all was again in total obscurity. This was most provoking, for the time was getting on; yet to advance beyond a walk was impossible.

"Pray, push on, cabby," said Thompson, again popping out his head, "or we shall be too late for the train, after all; push on, and I'll see if I can't find an extra half-crown for you."

Thompson had a strong conviction that half-crowns, in number suited to the occasion, could do any thing; and cabby, by his increased efforts, proved the influence of the stimulus. But it would not do; the old difficulties recurred, and finally, while Thompson, getting desperate, was alternately persuading, threatening, and hinting at even additional half-crowns, St. Pancras clock struck nine.

It was all over; the last train was starting. What *would* Mrs. Thompson say? what would his visitors think? and what was to be done? But Thompson was never long in a dilemma; he was a man of business; he was not an individual to be beaten by a fog; and so, relying that his "vehicle" would come to meet him, when it was found that he did not arrive by the nine o'clock train, he agreed with cabby to drive him towards Harrow-on-the-Hill as fast as he could. Between the cab and the "vehicle" the distance might be managed, he reckoned, in about an hour and a quarter, or say an hour and twenty minutes (business men, especially those who travel by railways, always calculate to a nicety), so that he would still get home before supper; and the bargain for two shillings a mile, and a glass of brandy and water by way of an extra fillip, was at once concluded.

The Harrow Road was reached in less time than could be hoped; and Thompson now suggested to cabby the probability of even a second glass of brandy and water, if that pace were kept up. But as they came upon the open country road, it was so extremely slippery that such a pace was dangerous; and at the foot of the hill at Kensal Green they were once more reduced to a walk. Up that steep bit of road, glazed with a layer of frozen snow, there was no hold for the horse's feet; and the fog, driven by a keen east wind, was rapidly enveloping the north-western suburbs, and even the country beyond, where, mingling with a thick white mist, caused by the sudden frost in a moist atmosphere, it became even more dense than it was in London. This greatly increased the difficulty of getting up the hill: and the horse at last, after slipping, straining, and plunging, lost his footing, and fell.

"Whip him up," cried Thompson, who, though not a cruel man, looked upon the matter from a purely business point of view, in which the fall appeared a kind of breach of contract that ought to be dealt with in a summary manner. Without deigning a reply, cabby jumped down, and proceeded to loosen by a hole or two some of the harness, to lift the shafts a little, so as to take the weight from the shoulder, and in other ways to assist the fallen horse. But nothing would avail: there was no hold for his feet on that sloping sheet of ice: after each effort the struggling animal fell again, and at last gave up the attempt and lay perfectly still.

Thompson, who was not a man to stand by and do nothing, let himself out; and groping his way round to the driver, whom he could not see in the fog, put the searching question, "what he meant to do?"

"There's only one thing as'll ever get that hoss up again this blessed night," said cabby.

"And what's that?"

"Why, something as we haven't got."

"Well, what is it?" repeated Thompson.

"Why, a hoss-cloth," replied cabby, "or a blanket; or any ways, if it wasn't a blanket, just a great-coat; you haven't a great-coat to spare, have you, sir?"

"Well, it's not exactly the night to lend a horse a great-coat," said Thompson. "But what is it for?"

"Why, you see, if I could put summut of that sort down under his fore-feet, he'd get a hold, don't you see—he'd get a hold, and be up in a twinkling."

Now, Thompson's great-coat was a good one; but the affair with him was merely a matter of business. Was the result *worth* the damage likely to be done? was the pithy question he put to himself. By a rapid process of mental arithmetic he assessed the probable injury, estimated the advantage to be derived *per contra*, and with his usual business-like celerity decided that it was. In another minute cabby was spreading Thompson's great-coat under the foot of his prostrate steed, and both together were holding it tightly down to the ground like a patent carpet.

With this luxurious assistance, which gave the fore-feet a secure bearing, a plung and a struggle brought the poor beast on his legs again; but he was so irritated by his previous failures, and so startled by his sudden success, that before cabby could seize the reins he was off, sliding and scrambling over the slippery road like an awkward lad contending with his first pair of skates, but at a speed that soon left both driver and fare far behind. Cabby darted after his horse; and in an instant nothing could be heard or seen of cab or driver but a dull rumble of wheels and a voice, as if wrapped up in a blanket, shouting, "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" which grew fainter and fainter every moment.

Thompson's first impulse was to follow at once, as fast as the fog and his thirteen stone of solid flesh would allow; but he could not, in the darkness, lay his hand upon his great-coat. He had started back to some little distance, when the horse struggled up and plunged forward, and he could not, for the life of him, find the place again: nothing but the cold frozen snow met and benumbed his fingers. Quick decision of purpose was becoming necessary; if he pursued his seemingly hopeless hunt after his coat, it was clear that he could never overtake the cab. His decision was instantly made; it would not pay to continue the search, and buttoning up his body coat, he started in pursuit at a good round pace, but puffing and blowing as though he had not "trained" sufficiently for a pedestrian feat of that nature.

He could still hear faintly the rumbling of the wheels and cabby's useless "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" and if he had not walked into the hedge so often, and not found such difficulty in extricating himself from the thorns and brambles, he must soon have overtaken the object of his pursuit. But one provoking impediment or other always prevented his consummating his hopes just as he deemed himself upon the point of doing so. Yet on and on he went: and on and on again, after conquering each fresh obstacle. It seemed to him that he had thus struggled along for miles in the thick darkness, with the Will-o'-the-wisp "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" only just ahead of him.

In vain he shouted: he could hear no answer but the distant "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" He got irritated, and, a natural consequence, was (exactly in the ratio of his increasing irritation) just so much the oftener in the hedge or the ditch, and each time just so much the longer getting out again. He actually began to disbelieve in many of his most strongly-rooted convictions connected with half-crowns and other matters, and his good solid common sense was beginning to waver and wander. Could it be really himself—Thompson, the eminent indigo merchant of Blue Lane—who was thus allowing himself to be lured after a strange dull sound of "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" in a thick fog, for miles and miles along a dark, slippery road, till he was ready to drop with fatigue? He was beginning to doubt his own identity, and might have decided against it, but that just then he thought he perceived the glimmer of a light. He was not mistaken, and immediately scrambled towards it, but evidently not by the proper road, as he passed through a deep ditch, and up a steep bank, breaking his way through some rotten garden palings. At last he arrived at a lighted candle, apparently held close to a woman's face, in which he recognized indistinctly the features of the Kenton carrier's wife, who lived at the road-side, not more than five miles from his own residence. That was encouraging; and whatever became of the cab, he should at all events soon meet his own "vehicle." But that hope was speedily dispelled; for Mrs. Parcels informed him that his coachman had been there about two hours before, and as the fog was so thick, he thought it dangerous to go on, and so, feeling sure that his master would not attempt to come through it, he had turned back again.

And the cab?

Mrs. Parcels had heard something rumble by about ten minutes before, and heard somebody crying, "Wo-ho!" but had seen nothing.

This was rather depressing, but Thompson had identified himself again; the conversation with Mrs. Parcels had brought his wandering imagination back from the dreams of that sea of fog which had seemed peopled with hoarse-voiced syrens singing "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" to lure him on to destruction. He felt again that he was Thompson—the Thompson of Blue Court; and being guided by Mrs. Parcels into the road, by way of the garden gate instead of through the fearful gap he had just made in the old palings, he resumed the chase. He had got his second wind, and was getting up to his work; so away he went at a pace worthy of the "Barclay match,"—for he had no end of pluck—and, after a long run, he was evidently gaining upon cabby. He heard "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" more distinctly, and could even catch the rumbling of wheels once more.

At that moment, however, a dull, grating sound seemed suddenly to extinguish the rumbling; and then all was perfectly still, and he experienced the oppressive suffocating sensation produced by total darkness undisturbed by the slightest sound. He stepped more slowly and cautiously, and in spite of himself and his strong common sense, felt vague and ridiculous fears creeping over him. A sound as of breathing seemed close to him, though unseen, and in another instant something like an arm flung itself across Thompson's throat.

"Garotte, garotte!" cried the strong-minded man of business, for a moment taken off his guard.

"What, sir?"

"What, cabman!"

"Well, I'm glad you've come up, sir; I was beginning to get frightened like."

"And where's your cab?"

"Oh, it's all right now; it's in the ditch, one wheel locked in the ice and mud: I heard it grind in."

"Which ditch!"

"Ah, that's what I want to come at. I've been groping about on t other side, and now I'm going to try this."

"Which side is this side?" asked Thompson, and as he spoke he heard by the breathing that cabby was moving off. He endeavored to catch hold of him, but he was gone, and there was a silence and stillness for some seconds, when the voice of cabby was again heard calling out triumphantly,

"All right, all right, sir! here you are—all right!"

"Not quite," cried Thompson, struggling to get out of the ditch into which he had walked in his hasty endeavor to follow up the track of cabby—"not quite," he added. "But where are you?"

"Here, sir."

"Where's that?"

"Here."

"I can't tell where 'here' is."

"Well, sir, I'll drive towards you, and you follow the sound of the wheels."

But as Thompson advanced accordingly, he thought the sound of the wheels, and cabby's voice, too, grew fainter and fainter. He must have walked the wrong way after he got out of the ditch; so, like a skillful tactician, he turned in the opposite direction immediately; and feeling that he was on the crisp, frozen turf by the side of the road, where it was less slippery, he began to run again, rejoicing that he was not encumbered with his great-coat, and quite proud, in the midst of all his drawbacks, of the powers of natural locomotion which the stimulus of passing events had shown him to be so unexpectedly master of.

He was making way famously in recovery of lost ground, when suddenly what seemed a hillock rose into the air beneath his feet, carrying him up with it, and projecting him through the fog to a considerable distance. As he again reached the earth—giddy, bewildered and stunned—he had an indistinct idea of hearing a dull rushing sound, as he afterwards said, in his forcible way, like a charge of cavalry; and then his senses and consciousness abandoned him altogether, and the great Thompson lay senseless and sprawling on the snow-covered turf, where he remained for a term of which, though not very long, he never knew the exact duration.

The explanation of the mystery is very simple. He had trodden upon an old cart-horse that had been turned out to pick a little of the long winter grass at the road-side during the day, and to find a bed under shelter of the hedge at night. The poor creature, in its fright at being jumped upon during its peaceful slumbers, had suddenly sprang to its feet, and so projected Thompson into the air as described.

When he recovered from the shock, he found himself sound in wind and limb, but somewhat bewildered and confused; and was much annoyed to feel such sensations, for he had the greatest antipathy to any thing like confusion. He spent some time in trying to decide which way he should go; for though it seemed to him that the fog was less dense, it was still too thick for him to discover any landmarks for his guidance. Every thing was perfectly still; no sound of any kind broke the intense silence. At last, shivering with cold, he started off rather from the necessity of exercise to clear his brain and circulate his blood than from any very definite choice of direction. After walking some time, he gradually recovered his self-possession, as warmth crept over his numbed limbs; and his persistent efforts were rewarded by the appearance of a light dimly glimmering through the fog, which he at once hailed as that of his bar of refuge—the lamp of his cab. Pushing on with a proud sense of eventual conquest over almost unheard of difficulties, he soon reached—not the cab, but the cottage of the Kenton carrier, from the window of which twinkled the light he had seen.

This was a terrible blow; but, as I have said, Thompson was pluck to the backbone; there was no shirking in him. The fog was evidently beginning to clear, the hedges on each side had become sufficiently visible to enable him to steer his course safely along the middle of the road, and he at once, still undaunted, proceeded to retrace his steps. A spanking walk of an hour and a half brought him to his own gates, through which he could clearly distinguish the exit of two carriages—carriages that he well knew—the headed phaeton of the Jenkinses and the *char-à-banc* of the Tallmegs. They were the last of the departing guests—it was two o'clock in the morning.

He met Mrs. Thompson in the hall, who neither screamed with joy, nor threw herself upon his neck, nor did any of those things which a weaker-minded woman would have done. She merely said:

"My dearest Thompson, how excessively late you are! And there is your man with his cab and horse in the stable-yard, who wants twenty-four shillings, as his charge for twelve miles at two shillings per mile, and two half-crowns extra; and he has had three glasses of brandy and water, which he says you promised him in addition."

At that moment the Misses Jemima and Janette Thompson came running out of the now empty ball-room, and begged their dear papa not to be vexed at his delay; they had had a delightful evening, and a beautiful supper, as the ices, and pheasants, and game-pies, and trifles, and champagne came down all safely. The *contre-temps* had not been of the slightest consequence.

And Thompson, though for a moment rather taken aback by this extremely cool view of the case, perceived the next moment that it was the true "business" view, after all.

BEAU NASH.

Beau Nash's father was, says Goldsmith, a partner in a glass-house;—no inappropriate birthplace for a beau. Mr. Martin's hero may have been born, for what we know, with a pocket-mirror in his hand; he made the world his glass-house, for wheresoever he went his sole contemplation was himself.

If Romulus founded Rome, Beau Nash was the founder of that celebrated watering place, Bath; for, before the beau existed, Bath was but a poor affair. He first erected it into a province of pleasure, and became, by universal consent, its legislator and ruler. Bath was his kingdom, and Tunbridge his colony. His name is inseparably allied with both places. You may as well think of walking over the field of Waterloo and forgetting Wellington, as of going to Bath, and forgetting Beau Nash. His fame and name pervade the place; you quote Anstey, but you think and talk of Beau Nash. Such are the influences and effects of genius.

Mr. Martin has drawn our Lycurgus of a beau contemplating the graces of his person in a new mirror fresh from the glass-house of his father at Swansea. He has just concocted his noble code of laws for the regulation of the city-balls and his thoughts are divided between the consequence of his person and the civilizing effects of his new edict. He has no idea of "Folly at full length," but bows and simpers while achieving an imaginary conquest, or sneers with a kind of proud satisfaction, as if foreseeing the way in which some rebel lady has been made amenable at last to the wise provisions of his law.

Our beau was very rude at times—rude both in sentiment and language. The ladies, it is true, gave him a great deal of trouble, and it was long before he could bring them within his code of dancing discipline and ball-room order. As his power and influence increased, he became the little tyrant at Tunbridge, and the overbearing despot at Bath. He waged a long and successful war against gentlemen in boots and ladies in white aprons. "I have known him on a ball-night," says Goldsmith, "strip even the Duchess of Queensbury, and throw her apron at one of the hinder benches; observing, that none but abigails appeared in white aprons." The good-natured Duchess laughed and acquiesced in his censure.

When the Princess Amelia applied to him for one dance more, he refused—his laws, he said, were the laws of the Medes and Persians, laws which altered not.

It was an easy matter to tear an apron from the waist of a lady, but a difficult undertaking to extract a pair of boots from the unwilling feet of a country 'squire. Nash is said to have made the attempt, and in a full assembly—covering his failure with an arch air and a polite inquiry, "Why Mr. So-and-So had not brought his horse in? The beast was shod and so was his master."

But these insolent sayings were first said when Beau Nash had become the beau of three generations—when his rudeness had grown proverbial, and men laughed like the Duchess of Queensbury, and let the dandy have his own way. They could not but bow to the decision of one whose picture was taken at full-length within their ball-room, with Sir Isaac Newton and the poet Pope for the beau's supporters. They acquiesced, and let Lord Chesterfield tell why—

"Immortal Newton never spoke,
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke,
More cruel on mankind.

"The picture placed the busts between,
Gives satire all her strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

BABOONS.

Captain Drayson had gone out one morning to see the sun rise in a very beautiful part of the desert. "Suddenly I heard a hoarse cough, and, on turning, saw indistinctly in the fog a queer little old man standing near, and looking at me. I instinctively cocked my gun, as the idea of Bushmen and poisoned arrows flashed across my mind. The old man instantly dropped on his hands, giving another hoarse cough, that evidently told a tale of consumptive lungs; he snatched up something beside him, which seemed to leap on his shoulders, and then he scampered off up the ravine on all-fours. Before half this performance was completed, I had discovered my mistake; the little old man turned into an ursine baboon, with an infant ditto, which had come down the kloof to drink. The 'old man's' cough was answered by a dozen others, at present hidden in the fogs; soon, however,

'Uprose the sun, the mists were curled
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around;'

and I obtained a view of the range of mountains gilded by the morning sun.

"A large party of the old gentleman's family were sitting up the ravine, and were evidently holding a debate as to the cause of my intrusion. I watched them through my glass, and was much amused at their grotesque and almost human movements. Some of the old ladies had their olive branches in their laps, and appeared to be 'doing their hair;' while a patriarchal-looking old fellow paced backwards and forwards with a fussy sort of look; he was evidently on sentry, and seemed to think himself of no small importance. This estimate of his dignity did not appear to be universally acknowledged, as two or three young baboons sat close behind him watching his proceeding; sometimes, with the most grotesque movements and expressions, they would stand directly in his path, and hobble away only at the last moment. One daring youngster followed close on the heels of the patriarch during the whole length of his beat, and gave a sharp tug at his tail as he was about to turn. The old fellow seemed to treat it with the greatest indifference, scarcely turning round at the insult. Master Impudence was about repeating the performance, when the pater, showing that he was not such a fool as he looked, suddenly sprung round, and catching the young one before he could escape, gave him two or three such cuffs that I could hear the screams that resulted therefrom. The venerable gentleman then chucked the delinquent over his shoulder, and continued his promenade with the greatest coolness: this old baboon evidently was acquainted with the practical details of Solomon's proverb. A crowd gathered round the naughty child, which, childlike, seeing commiseration, shrieked all the louder. I even fancied I could see the angry glances of the mamma, as she took her dear little pet in her arms, and removed it from a repetition of such brutal treatment."

We are told likewise of a tame baboon whose great delight was in frightening the Kaffir women. On selecting his victim, he would rush at her as if he intended to devour her, and away she would fly for bare life, dropping her basket or hoe. But he soon caught hold of her, and seizing her by one leg, stared in her face, mowing and grinning, and moving his eyebrows at her like an incarnate fiend. When her screams at length brought assistance, in the shape of a Kaffir cur, Jacko sprung up a tree, and resting secure on an upper branch, "gazed upwards and around, with a quiet and contemplative air, as though he had sought this elevated position for the sole purpose of meditating on the weakness of baboon and animal nature generally, but more particularly on the foibles of excited Kaffir curs."

The baboon, when tame, however, is sometimes of more use than to frighten women, who he knows will throw down the hoe instead of breaking his head with it. He is made use of to discover water in the desert when his master would perhaps perish without it. A little salt is rubbed on his tongue to irritate his thirst, and he is then let go; "'he runs along a bit, scratches himself, shows his teeth at me, takes a smell up-wind, looks all round, picks up a bit of grass, smells or eats it, stands up for another sniff, canters on, and so on. Wherever the nearest water is, there he is sure to go.' This anecdote was corroborated by others present."—*Drayson's Sporting Scenes Among the Kaffirs.*

THE BLEEDING BARBERS OF NAPLES AT WORK.—A letter from Naples gives some curious insight into the customs of King Bomba's subjects. The writer says:—"The proverb which says that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good was never more strongly exemplified than in the case of this earthquake. One might suppose it difficult that such a calamitous convulsion of nature should bring benefit to any class, but we learn that it has filled the pockets of the barbers of Naples. The Neapolitans are in the habit, when anything occurs to shock or terrify them, of getting themselves bled. I am ignorant in what this curious custom originated—whether those who persevere in it can assign for it a plausible reason; but it is certain that after a violent emotion most Neapolitans would consider themselves in peril if they had not immediate recourse to phlebotomy. I know a Neapolitan gentleman who was once sought after by the police for political causes. He was well concealed, and ultimately escaped; but his father's house was searched, to the great alarm of the family, and the *sbirri* had hardly left it when the barber was called in to bleed every member of the household. Now it is difficult to imagine a severer shock to the system than that of an earthquake, and we can imagine the dire consternation that prevailed at Naples, when, at ten at night, houses rocked, chandeliers swung to and fro, and furniture was overturned; and accordingly we need not be surprised to learn that the barbers and their lancets were in immediate request, and in fact could not meet the demand for their services. It is estimated that 30,000 persons were bled."

ONE OF SPURGEON'S PARABLES.—That was a dreadful dream which a pious mother once had, and told to her children. She thought the judgment day was come. The great Books were opened. They all stood before God. And Jesus said, "Separate the chaff from the wheat, put the goats on the left hand, and the sheep on the right." The mother dreamed that she and her children were standing just in the middle of the great assembly. And the angel came and said, "I must take the mother, she is a sheep; she must go to the right hand. The children are goats; they must go on the left." She thought, as she went, her children clutched her, and said, "Mother, can we part? Must we be separated?" She then put her arms around them, and seemed to say, "My children, if possible, I would take you with me." But in a moment the angel touched her; her cheeks were dried; and now overcoming natural affection, being rendered supernatural and sublime, resigned to God's will, she said, "My children, I taught you well. I trained you up, and you forsook the ways of God, and now all I have to say is, Amen to your condemnation." Thereupon, they were snatched away, and she saw them in perpetual torment, while she was in heaven!—*Spurgeon.*

AARON BURR AS A BABY—*His Mother's Story.*—The following note is appended to chapter third of the third edition of Mr. Parton's Biography of Aaron Burr:

"Since the publication of the first edition of this work, it has been discovered that the private journal of Aaron Burr's mother is still in existence.

"The following is her description of Aaron when he was thirteen months old: 'January 31, 1758. Aaron is a little, dirty, noisy boy, very different from Sally almost in everything. He begins to talk a little; is very sly and mischievous. He has more sprightliness than Sally, and most say he is handsomer, but not so good tempered. He is very resolute, and requires a good governor to bring him to terms.'"

WOMEN, HORSES, AND TREES.—England produces three objects which are met with everywhere, but which in this island are remarkable for their marvellous beauty—the women, the trees and the horses. Moreover, every place which raises a race of horses worthy of admiration is also peopled by pretty women. What is the cause of the coincidence it is not easy to say; but this strange correlation is not the less real. Georgia rears the best horses of the East. The plains of La Camargue, in the neighborhood of Arles, famous for its lovely girls, preserve the blood of the Moorish coursers in a state of nature; the Andalusian maid attains her perfection of form by the side of the most symmetrical steeds of the Peninsula; at Mecklenburg you behold the purest blood of Germany; and when a phalanx of amazons gallop along the avenues of the London parks the dazzled eye cannot fix itself with indifference either on the écuyère or the animal on which she is mounted. Let a young girl draw up her horse beneath a lofty tree, and you will contemplate, grouped in a single picture, the three marvels of England.—*The English at Home, by M. Wey.*

CHRISTMAS FOUNDLINGS.—A touching custom has prevailed at Lyons for many years. The first child that is abandoned to the care of the Foundling Hospital the eve of Christmas day, is received with peculiar honor, and attended to with every care. A very handsome cradle, prepared beforehand, receives its little body—the softest coverings give it warmth—the kindest solicitude watches over its slumbers. The whole is designed to present the strongest contrast to the scene in the stable in which the Saviour was received in entering on his earthly existence, and to show that the being seemingly condemned to perish, the victim of vice or misery, is saved by the birth of him who was sent on earth to inculcate charity and good-will.

☞ Rough manners, especially in people of education, commonly indicate an egotistical and selfish spirit; and indeed are often assumed to give to unkindness and impertinence the appearance of simple frankness and habitual candor. The trick is a good one, but it requires a good deal of dexterity to play it well.

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE LECOMPTON CONSTITUTION.

MR. BUCHANAN'S MESSAGE.

STRUGGLE IN THE HOUSE.

EXCITING SCENES---PERSONAL COLLISIONS.

SENATE.

On the 1st, Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, presented a petition, signed by ninety-seven citizens of the United States, praying that measures be taken to purchase the island of Cuba, and secure its annexation to this country.

The consideration of the Army Bill was resumed.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, opposed the measure. He could see no necessity of large standing armies in time of peace. It was contrary to the theory of our Government. He advocated the raising of volunteers to meet all necessary emergencies, saying they were not more expensive than regular troops, and were decidedly preferable. Four additional regiments were raised some years ago, the expense of which was probably something like the twenty millions of dollars now deficit in the Treasury. What have they done? Killed a few Indian warriors, but many women and children. Such conduct reflects little credit upon civilization. It would be better to treat Indians like men, and elevate them, than deceive, and rob, and hunt them down like savage beasts. Do justice to them, and you will need no standing army on the frontiers.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, gave notice of an amendment to call for and accept the services of volunteers, not exceeding 5,000 in all—the officers and men to serve twelve months, unless previously discharged.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, moved that the Senate take up the bill providing for the admission of Minnesota into the Union, saying that he was in favor of the Pacific Railroad Bill, but thought that the question of showing the Senators from the new State to take their seats ought to take precedence of all other business. The Pacific Railroad was a measure in which those gentlemen, and the State they represent, were deeply interested.

The subject was discussed by Messrs. Gwin Crittenden, Seward, Fitzpatrick, Green, Mason, &c.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, said that events have occurred, and others are at hand which might enlighten the American mind upon the subject of the admission of new States into the Union. This proposition has been only a few days before the Senate and has not been thoroughly examined. He was not aware when the question should come in a regular and proper course before the Senate, that any objection would be made to the admission of Minnesota. There have been, however, great irregularities in the *mode* of erecting that State, and they required some examination before the subject could be acted upon. The Lecompton Constitution is in Washington, and when it shall be presented to the Senate it will probably be accompanied by authentic information touching all matters connected with it. He hoped it would not meet with so much opposition as had been anticipated, but thought that not a single step should be taken by the Senate in reference to the admission of new States, until we are able to see exactly where we stand. There might be circumstances when it would be found a matter necessary for the Southern States, in order to determine where they stand in this Union, that the two questions should be taken together.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, said he hoped the Senate and the country would notice the position taken by the Senator from Virginia, (Mr. Mason,) who was opposed to the consideration of this measure, because he supposed the Senators on the Republican side of the Chamber may oppose the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. He would say to the Senator from Virginia now, in order that there should be no misunderstanding, that they would oppose the consummation of the Lecompton swindle, by all the means they could employ under the rules of this body, and he presumed this would be the case in the other House.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, adverted to the irregularity of the Legislature in electing Senators before Minnesota has been admitted into the Union as a State, and thought they could not legally hold seats under the circumstances.

Mr Hale, of New Hampshire, said there never had been a proposition which looked so seriously to a conflict, that might aid in the disruption of this Union, as the one entertained by the Senator from Virginia, namely: to make the admission of Kansas, under the Lecompton Constitution, a touchstone by which fidelity is to be tried, and without which no other State can ever come into the Union. If this was the condition, it would be a long time before the States would be increased beyond their present number.

After some further debate, Mr. Mason said he made his remarks without a conference with his friends. He did not say he wanted to see all the difficulties in Kansas settled before he could vote for the admission of any new State under any circumstances. The time had not yet come to say that. He hoped it would not become necessary to say it. What he did say, was this: that this bill for the admission of Minnesota had been reported within the last week or ten days, and that looking into it and seeing great irregularities, it might be proper that all questions in relation to the admission of a new State be considered together.

Mr. Crittenden saw no reason why these two subjects should be connected in their deliberation. Every question should be settled on its own merits. The circumstances under which Minnesota applied for admission were justified by the numerous precedents in the history of the country. He did not wish to be involved in the vortex of Kansas politics. Alluding to the threats which have been made to a dissolution of the Union, he denounced them as unwise, unpatriotic and utterly uncalled for. He was for the Union now and the Union forever, and he knew the love for the Union was too deep and strong in the hearts of the people to be rooted out by the efforts of politicians of any party. His remarks were greeted by repeated applause in the galleries.

After some remarks by Messrs. Douglas, Fitzpatrick, &c., adjourned.

On the 2nd, Mr. Mason, of Va., from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a bill to indemnify the master and owners of the Spanish steamer Armistad, and her cargo, involving a payment for alleged slaves.

Mr. Seward, of N. Y., in behalf of Mr. Foot and himself, submitted a minority report, being of the opinion that the claim was not supported by facts or law.

The Senate passed the House bill, appropriating $368,000 for the support of the National Armories.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Army Bill.

Mr. Seward would vote for the increased force, if he knew the troops now in Kansas would be withdrawn, but he was unwilling to do so without an assurance to that effect. He could not consent to have the army employed to enforce a constitution which a large majority of the people reject. Such a crisis had now arrived, that he doubted whether the President would dare to use the army for that purpose. But he wished to be assured of this before he voted for the proposed increase. Congress must pass the bills paying the army and he never would vote a dollar for the army used for that purpose in Kansas, no matter if the wheels of the government come to a dead stand, as was the case two years ago. He would favor the increase for the purpose of putting down the rebellion in Utah, but only to be employed so long as necessary for the purpose, and then to be disbanded.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, said he had listened with extreme pain, disappointment and mortification to the speech of the Senator, equal to that with which, ten years ago, he had heard Daniel Webster put himself at the feet of the slave power, to be used and spurned by them. Unless the Republican party take a firm and decided ground against the increase of the military power of the government they will go down, and ought to go down.

Mr. Seward replied, saying his course was influenced by a regard for the interest of the whole country. He knew nothing nor cared nothing for party. He thought the mistake of Mr. Hale and others was in thinking the battle was not yet over, when it really was. It was a struggle for numerical ascendancy between the free and the slave States. There were now sixteen free and fifteen slave States, and whatever the Administration or anybody else might do, there would be, before another year, nineteen to fifteen.

A message from the President transmitting the Lecompton Constitution, with a letter from Gen. Calhoun, President of the Constitutional Convention, was received.

The President's message is so long, that we are unable to find room for it. Its general argument is the legitimacy of the Lecompton Constitution, and that the easiest policy to get rid of Kansas is to adopt that constitution. We extract the following paragraphs:—

"A great delusion seems to pervade the public mind in relation to the condition of parties in Kansas. This arises from the difficulty of inducing the American people to realize the fact that any portion of them should be in a state of rebellion against the government under which they live. When we speak of affairs in Kansas, we are apt to refer merely to the existence of two violent political parties in that territory, divided on the question of slavery, just as we speak of such parties in the States. This presents no adequate idea of the true state of the case. The dividing line there, is not between two political parties, both acknowledging the lawful existence of the government, but between those who are loyal to this government and those who have endeavored to destroy the existence by force and usurpation—between those who sustain, and those who have done all in their power to overthrow the territorial government established by Congress. This government they would long since have subverted, had it not been protected from their assaults by the troops of the United States.

"When I instructed Gov. Walker in general terms, in favor of submitting the constitution to the people, I had no object in view, except the all absorbing question of slavery. In what manner the people might regulate their own concerns was not the subject which attracted any attention. In fact, the general provisions of the recent State constitutions, after an experience of eighty years, are so similar and excellent, that it would be difficult to go far wrong at the present day in framing a new constitution.

"If the delegates who framed the Kansas Constitution have in any manner violated the will of their constituents, the people always possess the power to change their constitution or laws, according to their own pleasure.

"The will of the majority is supreme and irresistible, when expressed orderly and in a lawful manner. It can unmake constitutions at pleasure. It would be absurd to say they can impose fetters upon their own power, which they cannot afterwards remove. If they could do this, they might tie their own hands for an hundred, as for ten years. These are the fundamental principles of American freedom, and recognized in some form by every State constitution, and if Congress, in the act of admission, should think proper to recognize them, I can perceive no objection. This has been done emphatically in the constitution of Kansas.

"It declares in the bill of rights that 'all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit, and, therefore, they have at all times the inalienable and indefeasible right to alter, reform, or abolish their form of government, in such manner as they may think proper.' The great State of New York is at this moment governed under a constitution framed in direct opposition to the mode prescribed by the previous constitution. If, therefore, the provision changing the Kansas constitution, after the year 1864, could by any possibility be construed into the prohibition to make such change previous to the period of prohibition, it would be wholly unavailing. The legislature, already enacted, may at its first session submit the question to the vote of the people whether they will or not have a convention to amend their constitution and adopt all necessary means for giving effect to the popular will. *It has been solemnly* adjudged by the highest judicial tribunal, that slavery exists in Kansas, by virtue of the Constitution of the United States. Kansas is, therefore, at this moment as much a slave State as Georgia or South Carolina. Without this, the equality of the sovereign States composing the Union would be violated, and the use and enjoyment of territory acquired by the common treasure of all the States, would be closed against the people and property of nearly half the members of the confederacy. Slavery can, therefore, never be prohibited in Kansas, except by means of a constitutional provision, and in no other manner can this be obtained so promptly, if the majority of the people desire it, as by admitting it into the Union under the present constitution.

"The dark and ominous clouds now impending over the Union, I conscientiously believe, will be dissipated with honor to every portion of it by the admission of Kansas during the present session of Congress; whereas, if it should be rejected, I greatly fear that these clouds will become darker and more ominous than any that have ever yet threatened the Constitution and the Union."

After the message was read, Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, moved that it be printed and referred to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, was unwilling to let the matter pass from the consideration of the Senate without remark. He looked upon it as a perverted and incorrect history from beginning to end of the difficulties in Kansas. Even from the imperfect hearing of it as read by the clerk, it was inconsistent with itself. The President recommends that Kansas be admitted under the Lecompton Constitution, on the ground that, even if it is in violation of the will of the people, the Legislature which convenes under that constitution may provide at once for its change. And yet the author of that declaration tells you that the election to determine whether the people would have the constitution or not is a nullity. He takes the ground that the people had no authority to prevent it from going into force, and yet they have the power, after it goes into force, to change it. Upon what principle can such doctrines be maintained? There was no usurpation committed in Kansas than that committed by the President and his army in that Territory. That army had been employed there without the authority of law, and he quoted from the record to prove the latter assertion. He commented on the Nebraska bill, arguing that the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution would be a violation of the principle of that act, according to a fair construction of its provisions.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, thought the better course would be to refer the message at once to the Committee on Territories, where all the disputed questions of fact could be examined before it should come before the Senate for action. Hoping that this course would be adopted, he asked leave to present a remonstrance, signed by certain gentlemen as Governor and State Officers of Kansas, protesting against the reception of that State into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution, which he moved to refer to the Committee on Territories, and be printed.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, said that, but for the character of the assault which Mr. Trumbull had thought proper to make on the message, he would have been content to let it go to the country and vindicate itself; but such had been the nature of that assault, he felt it to be his duty to take this opportunity to express his hearty co-operation in that policy which the President has indicated, and at the same time express his gratification at the signal ability and power with which the great principle lying at the bottom of that policy had been presented to the American people by the Chief Magistrate.

On the 3d, Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, offered an amendment to the motion to refer the Kansas message to the Committee on Territories, similar to that submitted yesterday by Mr. Harris in the House.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, desired to call up a question of privilege, namely, the report of the Committee on the Judiciary on the contested seats of Messrs. Bright and Fitch, of Indiana. After debate, Mr. Trumbull withdrew his motion, but said he would renew it the next day.

The President's Kansas message was then taken up.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, attacked the President's position, stating that the history of affairs in Kansas, as given in the message, was a stupendous and gigantic misrepresentation. The President was not in the country when the Nebraska bill was passed. He was nominated to the Presidency for that *reason*, in order that he might be able to prove an *alibi*. Mr. Wilson denied the statement in the message that there had been a party in the territory setting at defiance the Constitution of the United States, or the laws of the land. There had been no such party or set of men there. There had been outrage after outrage in Kansas, under color of law. "Tyrants always rule under color of law." Instead of asking what is the will of the people of Kansas, we have had the Senators and Representatives, and now we have the President quibbling on technicalities and forms, by which the substance is lost, to the people. Mr. Wilson complimented Mr. Douglas for his manly advocacy of the great principles of the Nebraska bill, in opposition to the dictates of the slave power. For this the Senator from Illinois had been called a Black Republican. Any man was so called who refused to support this last iniquity, this last crowning act of infamy. No matter if his whole life had been devoted to the interests of slavery, if he paused now, and refused assent to these palpable frauds, he was to be crushed out of the party.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, concurred most cordially with the message of the President. Seldom had he read a document of the same length from which he found so little to dissent. There could be but two opinions relative to that paper, those entertained by the national men of all parties, on the one side, and those entertained by sectional men on the other. He never expected the Senator from Massachusetts would concur in the arguments and conclusions of a national President, whether he might be a Democrat, American or Whig. Nothing but sectional Republicanism would meet the approbation of that Senator, who had made a mistake in supposing that speeches, like old wine, would improve with age. For his own part, he loved old friends and old wine, in a moderate degree, (laughter,) and he reverenced old age, but he abhorred an old speech, delivered from year to year through the whole of a Senatorial term; he said the Republican party had not the shadow of existence outside of the non-slaveholding States, and that if it succeeded in its efforts to break up the national Democratic party, it was absolutely certain that the country would be divided into two sectional parties. In that event the Union would be drawn asunder, and this was as certain as that the sun rose this morning and will set to-night. In reply to Mr. Stuart, he said that the Senator had remarked that the woolly heads were constantly floating before his peepers. All he had to say was that if the Senator would let the woolly heads alone, he would be responsible that the woolly heads would let the Senator alone (laughter.) There was not a more amiable people, all the world over, than these woolly heads. They were as gentle as the sheep on the Senator's own pasture. Speaking of woolly heads reminded him of an anecdote which illustrated that Senator's own position. He had heard of an individual who was suspected of slaughtering his neighbor's sheep. The neighbor one day came upon him suddenly and said, "Ah! I am glad I have detected you at last." "Detected me in what?" "Killing my sheep." "Have a care," returned the offender, "be cautious how you charge me with sheep killing; but what if I did kill your sheep? I will kill anybody's sheep that bites me while I am peaceably walking along the road." (Laughter.) Let the negroes alone, and let Senators attend to their own matters, and our sheep will never bite or disturb you while you are peaceably walking over the road. (Laughter.) Mr. Brown was about to reply to the former remarks of Mr. Douglas, when

Mr. Seward said he was quite sure that the question on reference could not be taken this evening, and he thought the Senate had better *adjourn. They could digest* what the Senator from Mississippi had said to-day, and hear the remainder of his speech to-morrow.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, merely wished to say that he should, at the proper time, pay his full respects to Mr. Brown's criticisms, anecdotes and all.

After a short Executive Session, the Senate adjourned.

On the 4th, Mr. Jones, of Iowa, presented a joint resolution passed by the legislature of Iowa, instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives from that State to oppose the admission of Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution, for the reason that the instrument had not been submitted to a fair and honest vote of the people of the territory, and requesting the Senators to resign if they cannot obey the foregoing instructions.

Mr. Jones said he presented the resolution as a matter of respect to his State, and not because he had the most remote idea of obeying the instructions. He believed that the people of Kansas had had ample opportunities of expressing their views at the ballot box, and if they refused to do so it was their own fault. His own mind was made up to vote for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, unless some stronger arguments could be made against it than any which he had yet heard. The resolutions were adopted by a strict party vote, every Democratic member in the legislature voting against them. Although he was inclined to think that the majority of the people of Iowa may now endorse the resolutions, he believed that after a thorough examination of the subject, they would come to a different conclusion. For his own part, he intended to do every thing in his power to sustain the Administration upon this question, believing Kansas and Minnesota ought to be admitted as twin sisters, in the same way as was done with Florida and Iowa.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, from the Select Committee, reported the French Spoliation Bill, which was made the special order two weeks hence.

The Senate took up the resolution providing for taking testimony in the Indiana Contested Election case.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, said that the Kansas question was more important, and that the Senate should not now consume time in discussing these contested seats. On his motion the subject was tabled—yeas 28, nays 18.

The consideration of the Kansas message was then resumed.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, submitted a long resolution calling on the President for information touching the number of votes cast in Kansas at the various elections, and the reasons for rejecting the votes at the election of the 4th of January. The resolution also called for all the particulars, together with the correspondence on the subject, and if all the information desired is not in the possession of the President or the Executive department, then the necessary orders and steps to be taken to procure the same. Mr. Douglas said he deemed this information material to the consideration of the question, and asked its immediate consideration.

Mr. Mason of Virginia, objected.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, resumed his remarks in favor of the admission of Kansas. While referring to the speeches of Senators Douglas and Stuart against the Lecompton Constitution, he asked whether they would have opposed that instrument if it had been a Free State constitution. [Both gentlemen, in reply, said that they had publicly pledged themselves in the Senate to do so. Mr. Douglas said he took his position upon this subject at the time when the probabilities were that the slavery clause would be voted out.]

Mr. Brown said the doctrine of popular sovereignty had never met his approbation. He regarded the course of Brigham Young as a legitimate deduction from that principle. Jim Lane and his followers, think that they are popular sovereigns, and have the right to do as they please, even if they take the notion to overturn the lawful government.

If the doctrine of popular sovereignty is correct, then Gov. Dorr was justifiable. He had no desire to read Mr. Douglas out of the Democratic party. It would give him great pleasure to have that Senator remain in the party, but where did he stand? Did he stand with that party? No! On this question he stood side by side with the Republican members and against the Democrats, and yet this was a question vital to the safety of the Union itself. If he was out of the party it was not because he was turned out, but because he had voluntarily walked out. (Laughter.)

Mr. Pugh, of North Carolina, asked whether Mr. Brown believed that the people of Kansas could alter the constitution prior to 1864. He merely desired to ascertain the Senator's opinion.

Mr. Brown admitted that right, even if it had been declared on every page of that instrument that it should not be altered. All he demanded was that this right should be exercised under the forms of law, and not by mob violence. The Legislature has no power to change a word or syllable of the constitution, but can appoint a day when the people can assemble under the forms of law and elect a convention which can change the constitution even against the words of the constitution itself.

Mr. Wilson, of Mass., said that Mr. Brown told them in his speech yesterday that he loved old wine better than old speeches, but he and that Senator differed in their tastes. He (Wilson) loved old truths more than old wine. In reply to the assertion that the Republicans are sectional, he asked what principle they had avowed was not in the constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and the grand old ordinance of 1787, which had received the sanction of Washington, Jefferson, all the fathers of the republic, and all the great men of the country, both North and South. He liked to read old speeches, because he thought them sound in principle, correct in sentiment, and accurate in facts, so that he could refer to them with safety. He referred to the statement of Henry C. Pate, regarding Kansas affairs, saying that in eleven lines there were twelve absolute lies, and the law books of the territory would show it. As to John Calhoun, God never suffered to walk His green earth a man more richly deserving to die the traitor's death and to leave a traitor's name.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia—Tell him so to his face.

Mr. Wilson—I would on any proper occasion, and would rather say so to his face than behind his back. I am not afraid of border ruffianism. I can take care of myself. I'll try it, at any rate. Mr. Wilson alluded to the various governors who went to Kansas, like the prophets of old who went out of Israel, they went out cursing the people, but came back blessing them. He would like to have the President go there, who would no doubt come back like an honest man, declaring that the people of Kansas had been much abused and oppressed. In an examination of the election frauds, Mr. Wilson read a list of fictitious voters at Kickapoo, embracing Seward, Benton, Denver, Greeley, Fremont, and Buchanan, among other distinguished names. This caused much laughter.

Mr. Green, of Mo., wanted to know how Buchanan had voted? (Laughter.)

Mr. Wilson—He voted for the constitution with slavery. The Senator need not have taken the trouble to ask that question.

A Voice—How did Seward vote?

Mr. Wilson—The count does not say, but we all know how Wm. H. Seward would have voted on that occasion. (Laughter.) He said that as to the votes cast at Kickapoo, Marysville, Delaware Crossing and Oxford, out of 1,300, at least 1,200 were fraudulent. These were the votes that carried the Lecompton Constitution. Were Senators prepared to sustain an instrument based on such monstrous frauds?

Mr. Green, in reply said that he would never make use of his position to employ slanderous words against any citizens of the United States. To make charges of frauds without proof, was slander and calumny. He deprecated further debate, and desired that the message should be referred.

Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, wanted to know whether it was the design of the Committee on Territories to take testimony in respect to these charges of fraud?

Mr. Green replied that, as one of the members of that committee, he could not state what they will definitely do, but undertook to say that they will do justice to the whole subject, and would be guided by any directions the Senate might think proper to give. He had sat still from day to day hearing those abuses against the people of Missouri, when those who make them dare not attempt to sustain them. Let the facts be investigated. We had forborne much, but there was a point beyond which forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and that point had well nigh been reached. In allusion to the fictitious Kickapoo votes, he said the reasonable supposition was that the Black Republicans committed the fraud, that party which is not content to abide by the forms of law, but desire admission as a free State, right or wrong.

Mr. Wilson said that threats, whether made by voice, tone, or manner by the Senator from Missouri or any other gentleman, had no terrors for him. The Senator talked about charges made against his State, and said that when the charges are made, unless they are supported by authority, they are calumnies and slanders. He agreed with that Senator. He had said nothing about that Senator's constituents. The evidence to which he had referred was taken under the solemnity of an oath by the committee of the House of Representatives, when, in 1856, he knowing the facts, brought them to the attention of the Senate. The Senator's predecessor seemed to deny them, but he (Wilson) proved them: and there was not a man here who dared to deny them. The truth of the testimony elicited by the House select committee was there denied by the very man (Mr. Oliver) who himself went into the territory and led a band of voters from Missouri. He was not to be intimidated by threats. If the Senator would demonstrate the contrary of what he (Wilson) had asserted, he would acknowledge his error.

Mr. Green said it would be a little more in conformity with the rules of right for Mr. Wilson to sustain his position; he should not ask another to prove it.

Mr. Wilson replied that he had evidence to show that what he had stated was the fact, and expressed the hope that the message would go to the Committee on Territories with instructions.

Mr. Bigler, of Penna., called the attention of Mr. Wilson to two striking facts in the official papers. First—That while in the city of Leavenworth alone there were over 1,300 votes against the constitution, Mr. Parrott received but 600 votes. In the district of Shawnee where Mr. Parrott received 779 votes, 1,720 were cast against the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, asked whether Mr. Bigler was not perfectly aware that all the free State men voted against it, but not more than one-half of them voted for State officers?

Mr. Bigler replied that the election was for a delegate to Congress. He was speaking of the October vote at the end of a bitter contest. In the Shawnee district Parrott received 729, and Ransom 61 votes, yet the other day 1,720 votes were cast against the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Douglas inquired where the Senator procured the information that 1,700 votes were cast there in January. That was the very thing he wanted. He wished to test its accuracy.

Mr. Bigler replied; on the one hand he read from certified returns made out at the Executive Department, and on the other, the returns from the Presidents of the respective Houses of the legislature.

Mr. Collamer inquired whether Mr. Bigler was aware that at the October election six months' residence was required, but at that in January, when the constitution was voted on, no particular time was necessary?

Mr. Bigler said it was his deliberate judgment that the population of Shawnee was less in January than in October.

Mr. Hunter said he was willing that the question on reference shall be taken on Monday, to which time the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 1st, a resolution was passed ordering the arrest of J. B. Williamson, of New York city, who had refused to appear before the Lawrence, Stone & Co. investigating committee.

The House took up the bill to supply an accidental omission in the Army Bill of last session, making appropriations to support the National Armories, amounting to $360,000. The bill, after discussion, was passed.

Mr. Boyce, of S. C., offered a resolution, which was passed, providing for the appointment of a select committee of seven, to which shall be referred the following inquiries, for examination and report:—

The reduction of the expenses of Government.

The Navigation Laws of the United States.

The existing Duties on Imports, and the expediency of a gradual repeal of all duties, and resort exclusively to internal taxation.

The House resumed the consideration of the Printing Deficiency Bill. During the discussion it was stated that the printing for the Thirty-third Congress had cost a million dollars more than of the Thirty-fourth Congress, and that such extravagant expenditures resulted from ordering the printing of works, of the extensiveness of which nothing was known. Adjourned.

On the 2nd, the House resumed the consideration of the Printing Deficiency Bill.

The House spent several hours in the consideration of this bill, which appropriated $790,000, and after amending it, rejected it by a vote of 67 yeas to 135 nays.

The President's Message was then received and read.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, moved that it be printed and referred to the Committee on Territories; and as the hour was now as late as four o'clock, he thought the House had better adjourn.

Much confusion and excitement ensued, and a struggle for the floor. Mr. Hughes (Ind.) obtained it, and yielded the floor to Mr. Letcher, (Va.,) who made a motion to adjourn. Not carried—yeas 105, nays 109. [The friends of the Lecompton Constitution generally voted in the affirmative.]

Mr. Hughes submitted a resolution proposing to submit the message to a select committee of thirteen. He referred to frauds perpetrated by the Republicans in Indiana, similar to those enacted in Kansas by the same party, which was composed of renegade Democrats, Abolitionists, Maine Law fanatics, political creatures and strong-minded women. After passing a brief eulogy on the President and his Cabinet, he fully endorsed the positions assumed in the President's message.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, offered a resolution that the message of the President and the Lecompton Constitution be referred to a select committee of thirteen, to be appointed by the Speaker, to inquire into all the facts connected with the said constitution, and the laws, if any, under which the convention was held; and if so, whether the provisions of the laws were complied with. Also, whether the said constitution provides for a republican form of government, and whether the population was sufficient for a representative in Congress under the present ratio, and whether the constitution was satisfactory to the majority of the legal voters of Kansas; to ascertain the number of votes cast for the constitution, the places where cast in each county, the census or registration under which the election of delegates was held, and whether the same was just, fair, and in compliance with law, and all other matters bearing on the subject.

Pending the proposition, the House adjourned.

On the 3rd, the Sergeant-at-Arms informed the Speaker that, pursuant to the order of the House, he had caused the arrest of J. D. Williamson, and had him in custody.

Mr. Stanton offered a resolution to the effect that the prisoner be arraigned before the bar of the House, when the Speaker shall propound the following questions to him:—

"First. What excuse have you for not appearing before the Select Committee in pursuance of the summons of the 27th of January?

"Second. Are you now ready to appear before said Committee, and answer such proper questions as may be propounded, and that the answers be in writing and under oath?"

The resolution was adopted.

Mr. Stanton moved that Mr. Williamson be remanded to the Sergeant-at-Arms, and that he have till the next day at one o'clock to make his answers. He said that this was agreeable to the prisoner, with whom he had had a conversation on the subject. The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, made a report from the majority of the Committee, concluding with a resolution declaring that the act of Commodore Paulding in arresting General Walker and his followers, was not authorized by the instructions given him by the Navy Department; that, while the Committee have no reason to believe that Commodore Paulding acted from any improper motives or intentions, yet they regard it as a grave error, which calls for the disapproval of the American Congress.

Mr. Sherman, from the minority of the Committee, reported a substitute, declaring Commodore Paulding, in arresting General Walker and his associates and returning them to the United States, acted within the spirit of his instructions, and deserves the approbation of his country.

The reports were referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Savage, of Tennessee, from the Committee on Invalid Pensions, reported a bill granting pensions to the officers and soldiers engaged in the late war with Great Britain, and those in the Indian wars during that period. He moved its postponement till the 24th of February.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, said this was one of the most important questions ever presented to Congress, and involved the expenditure of $10,000,000.

Mr. Savage did not want this bill to be prejudiced by such remarks. He pledged himself that, so far as he was concerned, the subject should have a free and full discussion. He had made his motion, so that the House might act upon the bill without waiting the uncertainty attending its reference to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

On the 4th, the Speaker announced that he had appointed Messrs. Boyce, of South Carolina; Quitman, of Mississippi; Trippe, of Georgia; Garrett, of Virginia; Mott, of Ohio; Wortendyke, of New Jersey; and Spinner, of New York, as the Select Committee to consider the Navigation Laws of the United States; the reduction of the expenditures of the Government; the existing duties on imports and the expediency of a gradual repeal of all duties on imports, and the resort exclusively to internal taxation, as proposed by Mr. Boyce's resolution.

The consideration of the bill granting pensions to the officers and soldiers of the war of 1812, was postponed till the 24th of February.

The Sergeant-at-Arms brought Mr. J. D. Williamson to answer to his failure to appear and testify before the Tariff Investigating Committee, in obedience to the summons of the 21st of January.

The Speaker then propounded to him the question:—

"First. What excuse have you for not appearing before the Select Committee, in pursuance of the summons of the 27th of January?

"Second. Are you now ready to appear before said Committee and answer such proper questions as may be propounded, and that the answers be in writing and under oath?"

Mr. Williamson submitted an answer in writing and under oath, saying that the reason why he did not obey the summons was that he was under the custody of the Sheriff of New York, and could not leave without his consent, and was so advised by his counsel; that it has always been his opinion, and still is, that neither House of Congress has any legal right or authority to compel him to come before the Committee and divulge his private transactions: that were he to divulge the confidential matters entrusted to him, it would destroy his business, which he conducted in a lawful manner, and impoverish his family; that the Constitution does not prohibit private affairs from being entrusted confidentially to an agent who does not violate the laws of the land: that he had intended to test before Court the power of this House to compel his attendance to testify concerning private business transactions, but he was taken from his bed by force and brought here; that he always hoped to show due respect to the legal and constituted authorities.

In reply to the question whether he was now ready to answer such proper questions as might be put to him, he says that he will answer all *proper* questions, but not questions which will affect his integrity, or violate his oath or sacred promise not to reveal confidential communications.

After a long debate in which various severe means—imprisonment, fines, &c.—were indignantly proposed to meet the necessities of the case,

Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, announced that he was authorized by Mr. Williamson to inform the House that he was now ready to answer in writing as the Committee might direct, and asked to withdraw the paper presented in the early part of the proceedings.

Finally, it was agreed that Mr Williamson should withdraw his answer to the summons and submit an amended answer the next day, and that in the meantime he be removed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms.

Mr. George Taylor, of New York, presented a petition on the freedom of the public lands, signed by the Mayor of Brooklyn and a thousand others. Referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

The remainder of the day was spent in considering the report of the Committee on Elections against allowing Mr. Campbell further time to take testimony in the Ohio contested election case. Without taking the question the House adjourned.

On the 5th, on motion of Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, a resolution was adopted, calling upon the President to communicate the number of soldiers engaged in the late war with Great Britain, and the Indian wars of the same period, and also a statement showing a proximate estimate of the expenditure by extending to them the benefits of the Revolutionary Pension laws.

The House then proceeded to consider the resolution as to whether Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, should have further time to make supplementary testimony in the Ohio contested election case. Rejected by 13 majority.

Mr. J. D. Williamson amended his answers—averring that he meant no contempt, but was under heavy bonds not to leave New York.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, remarked that the witness had appeared before the committee, and answered very promptly, and without equivocation, every question propounded; as to whether he answered correctly was for the country to judge. On Mr. Stanton's motion, Williamson was discharged from custody.

The President's Kansas message was taken up for consideration.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, called attention to the fact that, while the President transmitted a copy of the Minnesota Constitution and the official returns of the election, making no recommendation concerning the admission of that State, he sent in a copy of the Lecompton Constitution, with no returns, but with a recommendation that Kansas be admitted under that instrument. The President, in his message, instead of communicating desirable information, abounds in epithets and slanders against the people of Kansas.

Mr. Grow gave way to Mr. Harris, of Illinois, who said he wished to withdraw the resolution he previously submitted, and introduce another, with the view of obtaining information. If they were to believe the opinion expressed on all sides of the chamber, this was one of the most momentous questions ever presented for the consideration of Congress. Intimations had been thrown out here and at the other end of the capitol, that the decision of this question might result in precipitating events disastrous, in an eminent degree, to the character and welfare of the country. If this expression of opinion rested on any well-founded existing state of facts, it was necessary that the country should know what they are. His call was not to effect a delay, but to hasten the work they were to do. Who were anxious to take this fearful leap into the dark, when they could have the facts before them to light their path? He did not propose a *call for information on all that has occurred* there, for he held in his hand a statement which satisfied him that there ought to be an investigation. He sent up to be read a letter from Ex-Secretary Stanton, when

Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, raised a point of order, that Mr. Grow could not farm out the floor to Mr. Harris.

Mr. Grow then yielded the floor altogether to the last named gentleman.

Mr. Stanton's letter was then read, saying, among other things, that, on his arrival in Kansas, he and Governor Walker supposed that the question of slavery was the only cause of contention, and treated this as the chief subject of difference. He soon found, however, that this view was altogether too limited, and that it did not reach the true ground of the controversy. He then proceeds to speak of the complaints of the great mass of the people at having a local government forced on them by fraud and violence: and their utter want of confidence in the control of unscrupulous partisans, who had falsified the returns, and sought to undermine both him and the Governor, because they rejected the Oxford and other returns.

Mr. Harris remarked that, in addition to this, he might read a letter from ex-Governor Walker, of similar import. It was quite remarkable that a great diversity of opinion exists between the Executive and those who derived their appointment from him to administer affairs in Kansas. How then could it be supposed that the people of the country could be united on this question? He concluded by submitting a resolution that the President's message and the Lecompton Constitution be referred to a select committee of fifteen, to be appointed by the Speaker, with instructions to inquire into all the facts connected with the formation of the said constitution, and the laws under which the same originated, and into all the facts and proceedings which have transpired since the formation of the constitution, and whether it is satisfactory to the legal voters! The Territorial Committee to have power to send for persons and papers.

The Speaker said that Mr. Harris could offer his resolution only as an amendment to Mr. Hughes' motion to refer the message to a select committee of three.

Mr. Harris believed the ruling of the Speaker to be correct, and in order at once to ascertain the fate of his resolution, moved the previous question.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, in vain appealed to Mr. Harris to withdraw the motion, and move a call of the House.

Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, moved an adjournment.

Cries of "Let's take the question," mingled with vociferations of "No—no," and great disorder.

Voice—"Go it, boys, the fight's commenced!" "Ha—ha!"

The House by a yea and nay vote, first voted down the motion to adjourn, and then a motion to adjourn till Monday. Both parties were evidently nerved for the fight.

Somebody on the Democratic side moved an adjournment till Tuesday.

Mr. Clingman—We are getting into a row, and I move an adjournment.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, amid the confusion, proposed that the several propositions for journment be withdrawn, and that the House come to a direct vote on the pending propositions respecting the message. This was received with laughter and cries of "No—no—you can't steal a march on us that way," and "that is the very thing we want to avoid."

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, moved an adjournment.

Mr. Stanton raised a point of order.

Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, asked to be excused from voting, and asked that the question be determined by yea and nay vote.

Mr. Warren, of Arkansas, said, this being Friday, he moved that the private calendar be taken up.

The most boisterous confusion prevailed—members standing up in all parts of the hall. The Speaker asked them to come to order and knocked with his gavel until they did so, and of "Call the roll." A motion was made

to Democratic side for an adjournment, and the Republicans impatiently demanded the yeas and nays on that question.

Mr. Seward, in a loud voice, "It's too late." [cries of "order, order."

The motion to adjourn was negatived by 14 majority.

The Speaker announced the pending question to be to excuse Mr. Cobb from voting.

Mr. Miles, of South Carolina, asked and was excused from voting.

The yeas and nays were taken to settle the question.

Mr. Phillips, of Penns., moved a reconsideration of that vote, and to lay that motion on the table. (Laughter.)

To determine whether the question should be taken by the yeas and nays, tellers were ordered.

Thirty-seven members voted in the affirmative.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina—I demand the count for the other side.

Vociferations of "Let's have it."

A voice from the Republican side—"We give it up."

Mr. Keitt—I don't; I demand a count.

Mr. Craig, of North Carolina, thought they had better have a call of the House.

The tellers reported that none had voted in the negative. (Laughter.)

Mr. Keitt—Then there is no quorum.

A voice—Yes there is; but gentlemen won't vote.

The Speaker said it was not necessary that there should be a quorum to call the yeas and nays.

Mr. Warren said he generally agreed with the Speaker, but he must now appeal from the decision, and demand the yeas and nays. (Laughter.)

The Speaker said Mr. Warren could not appeal, as an appeal was already pending. (Cries of good and laughter.)

The yeas and nays were continued to be taken on trivial matters from the Democratic side.

Mr. Warren, of Arkansas, suggested that, as they had been so long engaged on Kansas, they had better do a little for his State—*Ar-Kansas*. [Laughter, amid which Mr. Warren was called to order from the Republican side.]

Similar motions were made one after another—it being needless to specify them. The object being on the part of the friends of the Lecompton Constitution to prevent a vote being taken.

The House at half-past five o'clock, again refused to adjourn, by twenty-one majority.

Some of the members paired off for dinner.

Mr. Campbell again asked whether he was in order to move his compromise, that all other questions be withdrawn, and the House come to a direct vote on the proposition to refer the message. (Laughter.)

The Speaker thought he was hardly in order.

Another motion to adjourn was negatived.

Mr. Warren moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. (Laughter.)

Many gentlemen on the Democratic side asked to be excused from voting, while some would not vote at all.

Mr. Leiter, of Ohio, wanted to know whether he was in order to move the excuse of them all in a lump. (Laughter.)

The Speaker replied negatively.

Mr. Seward said he wanted to make a few remarks. (Cries of go on! Hear him!) But objections were interposed.

Mr. Warren said that after Mr. Leiter's remarks, the Democrats would be justified in not voting.

The House continues in disorder, not one-half of the members being in their seats.

A gentleman in the crowd wished to know whether he could move that a Daguerreotypist be sent for, in order to take a view of the scene? (Laughter.)

The Speaker said it would not be in order exactly, at this time.

Much merriment prevailed. A voice—"How in the devil can they take pictures by gas-light? Ha! ha! ha!"

Various questions, principally on adjournment, were determined negatively by yeas and nays.

Several Clerks broke down in calling the roll, and inexperienced subordinates were despatched to their relief.

Members were continually going to, and coming in from lunch, some eating at their desks.

"Come," said one, "let's adjourn; what's the use of continuing this farce?"

"I'll bring my bed," replied the other, "and stay here till Monday, before I will give way to the Lecomptonites."

A voice—"Good for you!"

SEVEN O'CLOCK.—Both parties are still determined and standing out.

Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania, wanted to know if the morning hour had expired.—(Laughter.)

The yeas and nays are being continually taken—principally on motion to adjourn.

Among the questions voted on, was a motion to lay on the table the motion to reconsider the vote by which the House excused Mr. Miles from voting on the motion to excuse Mr. Garnett from voting on the motion to excuse Mr. Letcher from voting on the motion to excuse Mr. Cobb from voting on the motion by Mr. Seward, to lay on the table the appeal, by Mr. Stanton, from the decision by the Speaker that the motion to adjourn till Monday, may be entertained a second time.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, rose to a privileged question, saying that the heat from above was blistering his head, (which is bald,) and he asked the unanimous consent of the House to wear his handkerchief over it. (Excessive laughter.)

Mr. Florence (whose head is also bald,) objected, causing renewed laughter.

TEN O'CLOCK, P. M.—Several members are asleep in their seats. The galleries are thinning out.

On excusing Mr. Warren, from voting, no quorum voted, although there was one present, many Democratic members not responding to their names.

Two unsuccessful motions to adjourn were lost, only fifteen voting in the affirmative, and ninety-six in the negative; no quorum.

Mr. George Taylor, of New York, hoped the members would give up their facetious exhibition, and allow the vote on the reference of the message to be taken.

At eleven o'clock, Mr. Harris, of Illinois, moved a call of the House.

The call was ordered by a vote of 142 yeas against 19 nays.

The roll call was not completed, when, at midnight, Mr. Warren moved an adjournment.

The motion was negatived—yeas 76, nays 102.

The Clerk resumed the call of the House.

Mr. Boyce, of S. C., called for the regular order of business.

The Speaker said that, technically, the morning hour had not arrived.

Mr. Boyce pointed to the clock, which indicated half past twelve. (Laughter.)

The sofas are occupied by sleepers, while other members are napping in their seats.

The names of the absentees were called, and the yeas and nays taken on excusing each of them, these proceedings being occasionally interrupted by motions to adjourn.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, unacceptably proposed, by way of variety, that the House have a few speeches.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, objected.

The proceedings are exceedingly dull, about one-tenth of the members being either asleep or nodding in their seats. A few are smoking cigars, while others are going to, and coming from the refreshment rooms.

Mr. Quitman had a proposition to make. It was now manifest that all this contest would come to no practical result. He had no authority to speak for his friends, but he suggested that they come to an understanding that all motions subsequent to the previous question shall be withdrawn.

FIGHT IN THE CHAMBER BETWEEN MR. KEITT (S. C.) AND MR. GROW (PA.)—FEARFUL SCENE.

Just at this point, the House was thrown into a violent excitement, and a fearful scene of confusion. It appears that while Mr. Grow, of Pa., was walking down the aisle, on the Democratic side of the Hall, Mr. Keitt, of S. C., and a friend, approached him, and a slight squabble ensued. Mr. Keitt struck Mr. Grow.

The parties were separated by their friends. They exchanged words in an evidently excited and menacing manner. Mr. Keitt again dealt a blow at Mr. Grow, the latter knocking him down. Crowds of their respective friends rushed to the rescue.

The various members of each side engaged in the fight in the area fronting the Clerk's desk; Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, was conspicuous among the Republicans, dealing heavy blows.

The Speaker loudly called for order, and called on the Sergeant-at-Arms to interfere. That functionary, carrying his mace of office, together with his assistants, hurried to the scene, and crowded into the thickest of the fight, in which at least a dozen members were engaged.

Some minutes elapsed before this truly fearful contest was quieted, the members having reluctantly returned to their seats. There was a dead calm, in comparison with the scene just enacted.

Mr. Quitman moved that they now adjourn, and take the question on the reference of the message of the President on Kansas affairs on Monday, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Emphatic and general responses from the Republican side of "No! No!!"

Confusion began to break out afresh, when the Speaker said he would direct the Sergeant-at-Arms to put under arrest those who disregarded the order of the House.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said he foresaw disagreeable feelings would result here from the exciting questions connected with Kansas, and was called to order by Mr. Barksdale.

Mr. Campbell said he wished the gentleman from Mississippi to know that he was his peer.

PARTICULARS OF THE AFFRAY.

A member of Congress, who was a witness to a difficulty in the House between Messrs. Grow and Keitt, gives the following particulars:

Mr. Grow objected to Mr. Quitman making any remarks.

Mr. Keitt said, if you are going to object, return to your own side of the House.

Mr. Grow responded, that this is a free hall, and every man has a right to be where he pleases.

Mr. Keitt came up to Mr. Grow, and said he wanted to know what he meant by such an answer as that.

Mr. Grow replied that he meant just what he said; that this was a free hall, and a man has a right to be where he pleases.

Mr. Keitt, taking Mr. Grow by the throat, said, "I will show you—you know you are a damned Black Republican puppy."

Mr. Grow knocked his hand up, saying, "I shall occupy such a place in the hall as I please, and no nigger driver can crack his whip over me."

Mr. Keitt then again grabbed Mr. Grow by the throat, and Mr. Grow knocked his hand away when Mr. Keitt came at him. Mr. Grow then knocked him down. The fight took place at twenty minutes to two o'clock this morning.

Further difficulties are apprehended.

Three o'clock.—The yeas and nays on motions to excuse absentees still continue. All is quiet at this time.

Mr. Quitman wished to make a proposition with the view of ending this unprofitable contest.

Objections were made, but were afterwards withdrawn.

Mr. Quitman's proposition was read, to the effect that all the motions now pending, made since the call for the previous question on the amendment of Mr. Harris, of Illinois, shall be withdrawn; that the vote shall then be taken on sustaining the demand for the previous question, and if carried, the House will adjourn till Monday, and at one o'clock on that day the vote shall be taken on the main question.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, hoped that the proposition would be adopted, as it embraced everything that gentlemen could ask for.

Mr. Cobb said no man had the right to compromise his position without consulting him.

Mr. Stanton thought the proposition just, and hoped it would be agreed to unanimously.

Mr. Phillips said that, as the proposition was for a vote to be taken to-night, he objected.

The Speaker remarked that he could not entertain the proposition without the unanimous consent, and this was denied.

Four o'clock.—The House has again refused to adjourn. There is no immediate prospect of a vote being taken on the questions connected with the Kansas message.

February 6.—The contest in the House was maintained the whole night, by calling for the yeas and nays on the most trivial motions.

At half-past six o'clock, Mr. Quitman, of Miss., submitted a resolution that the House adjourn till Monday next, when the subject under consideration, the President's Kansas Message, be resumed, and the vote on the pending propositions shall be taken without further delay, debate, or dilatory motions.

By unanimous consent, this resolution was introduced and agreed to, when the Speaker announced that the House was adjourned till Monday, when the subject would come up as the special order.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb 6.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is firm, 6000 bbls sold at $4,80@5 for State, an advance of 10c. Wheat has an advancing tendency, at 115@125c, an advance of 2c, and 125@140c for white. Corn advanced, 26,000 bush sold at an advance of 1c on white and yellow. Pork and Lard steady.

COTTON—The market is firm, with sales of 1900 bales. The stock is small. We quote:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.

	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	9½	9½	9½	9½
Middling	11	11	11	11½
Middling fair	11½	11½	11½	11½
Fair	11½	11½	12	12½

COFFEE—Rio; we quote an improvement in the grades of ½@¾c; sales of 4800 bags in lots to the trade at 9@11c.

SUGARS—187 hhds sold at $5,81@6,25 ₩ 100 lbs. Refined are more active for coffee descriptions. The sales are 500 hhds New Orleans at 5@7¼c.

MOLASSES—Prime New Orleans is higher; the market has temporarily advanced 1½c ₩ gallon, with sales of 350 barrels at 28@29½c, mostly the latter price.

HOPS—The inquiry is moderate for local use. Sales 40 bales at 5@8c for common to good, and 9@10c for choice 1857's. Old are steady.

WHISKEY—The demand is moderate, and the market is better; sales of 500 at 21@21½c.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY

By L. H. THOMPSON, Exchange Hotel, No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	12 a15	Leg, Loin, Chp ₩ lb	8 a10
Sirloin steak	15 a17	Breast and Neck	6 a 9
Rump do	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$2 a 3
Chuck pieces	6 a10	Whole carcass	4 a 6
Plates and navels		Veal.	
Corned	6 a10	Fore quarter ₩ lb	6
Tongues, fresh	65 a75	Hind do	11
Leg, each	31@37½	Chop	12½
Shin	25 a50	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	6 a12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ₩ lb	6	Pork.	
Dried Beef ₩ lb	16 a18	Young Pigs	@1 50 a1 75
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12 a 14
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Feet ₩ set	18¾ a 31
Hind do	1 00a1 12½	Tripe ₩ lb	4 a 6
Chop ₩ lb	10 a12	Lard do	10 a 12
Calves Head, each	25 a37	Hams, sliced	11 a 16
		Sausage	10 a 12
		Bologna Sausages	12 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	25 a 46	S't Pots'oes ₩ bus	@1 25a1 75
do bl pk	12½a 14	do do ₩ ½ a	6
Beets bunch	4 a 6	Corn pototoes bu	1 00 a1 25
do bbl	3 a 10	Cabbage bbl	87½a1 12½
Salad head	1 a 3	Onions bus	—a1 00
		Carrots doz	12

FRUIT.

Apples ₩ bbl,	62½a 87½	Cranberries qt	10 a 12
do ½ pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ₩ lb	12 a 13	Rab Pig's ₩ pair	25 a 37
Spring Chickens ₩ pair	37 a 87	Woodcock	1 50 a 1 50
Chickens ₩ pair	37 a1 25	Frogs doz	25 a 50
Pheasants ₩ pr	1 00a1 50	Canvas Back Ducks	$2@2 50
Snipe, sand	50	Partridges pair,	1 00 a1 50

SHELLFISH.

Terrapins(South) doz	$6 a8 00	Oysters, Absecom ₩ bbl	$3 a —
do(Chas & Bal)	4 a5 00	do ₩ M	4 a5 00
Lobsters lb	8 a 12	M Rit Cove M	3 a4 00
Clams M	2 a2 50	N Y do ₩ bbl	2 a2 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	10 a12	Perch bunch	6@a12
Bass	8 a 9	Catfish	12
Porgies	— a 8	Eels	6 a12½
Flounders	— a 6	Fresh Shad	1 50 a2 75
Cod	3 a 6	Salt Shad lb	12
Blackfish	— a 8	Mackerel	12
White Fish	— a 8	Dry Cod	4 a 6
Rock	10 a12	Sm'k'd Herring bunch	6
		Smelts ₩ lb	12 a 15

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	22 a25	Honey lb	20 a25
Roll do	16 a20	Sponge cake	7 a 8
Eggs doz	16 a20		

☞ An exchange informs us that "cucumbers grow to the length of six and eight feet in British India!" After that, who wonders that that unfortunate land is troubled with Intestine Difficulties.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

SMALL service is true service while it lasts,
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadows that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew drops from the sun.

☞ The greatest wisdom of speech is to know when, and what, and where to speak: the time, matter, manner: the next to it, is silence.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The dullness which has prevailed for some time past in Flour, still continues; with moderate supplies and unfavorable advices from abroad, the tendency of prices continues downward. There has been but little export demand, and only about 7000 barrels were disposed of at $4,50 ₩ barrel for superfine; $4,62½@4,75 for extra; $5 for extra family, and $5,50@5,62½ for fancy lots, including some condemned at $5,50, and 100 barrels very common superfine at $4. The sales for home consumption have been limited within the range of the same figures. Rye Flour is dull at the decline noted last week. Sales of 400 barrels at $3, and 100 bbls extra at $3,12½. Corn Meal has declined 6½c ₩ bbl, and 400 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $3,94.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been small, but the article has been dull, as there is no inquiry for shipment, and the millers, in consequence of the low price of Flour, are purchasing only to supply their immediate wants. Sales of 14,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania at $1@1,10 ₩ bushel for inferior and prime red, and $1,12@1,20, including some choice Tennessee red, at $1,17, and Kentucky white at $1,20, in store. Rye is dull; 2000 bushels sold at 80@80½c for Delaware and 70c for Pennsylvania. Corn was dull early in the week, and declined 1@2c ₩ bushel, but since there has been more inquiry. Sales of 40,000 bushels yellow at 56@57c, in store, and 59@60c, afloat. Oats have been dull, and only 4000 bushels were disposed of at 31 cents for Pennsylvania and 33 cents for Southern.

PROVISIONS—There has been rather more firmness in prices, but the transactions have been limited, partly owing to the meagreness of the supplies coming forward. Sales of 200 bbls Western Mess Pork at $15,56@16, and Prime at $15 ₩ bbl, 60 days. The market is nearly bare of the latter. City packed Mess Beef is selling as wanted for ship's stores at $17@18, cash. Bacon.—There has been more inquiry, and prices are firm. The sales comprise about 150 casks at 10@13c ₩ lb for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; 6¾@6¾c for sides, and 7¼@7½c, cash and on time for Shoulders. At the close there was very little stock to operate in. Bulk Meats have been coming forward more freely. The sales foot up 200 casks in lots at 9¾c, 60 days, for Hams, 7¼@7¾c for Sides, and 6¼@6¾c for Shoulders; including one lot of the latter at a higher figure. Lard continues to come forward slowly, and the stocks are light. Sales of 300 bbls at 9@9¼c cash, and kegs at 10¼@11c ₩ lb. Butter has been dull, the supply being far in excess of the demand. Sales of solid packed at 11@12c, and Roll at 14@20c ₩ lb, as in quality.

BARK—The absence of supplies of Quercitron Bark continues to restrict operations. It is wanted at $28,50 ₩ ton, at which figure about 50 hhds were taken. In Tanners' Bark nothing doing.

BEESWAX—Continues in steady demand, and further sales of Yellow were made at 27½@28c ₩ lb, cash.

CANDLES—Prices remain without change. There is some inquiry for Adamantine for export, and 2500 boxes city manufactured sold on terms not made public, and small lots at 19@20c ₩ lb, on time. Sperm and Tallow Candles are dull.

COAL—Continues extremely dull. The receipts have been small, but they are ample for the demand, as there are no orders coming forward for shipment, and only a very meagre inquiry for home consumption. Prices, however, remain without change.

COFFEE—The market is decidedly firmer, and the sales of 800 bags Rio at 9¾@10¾c, since the auction at 8¾@11¼c, averaging $9,72; and 1600 bags Laguayra at 11½c ₩ lb, on time.

COPPER—Is very dull. A sale of Yellow Metal was made at 22c ₩ lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet. There has been very little demand, and the receipts and stocks have been small. Sales of 420 bales, mostly Upland, at 11¾@12¾c ₩ lb for middling and middling fair quality, cash and on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been a steady demand for Soda Ash, with further sales at 2¾@3¼c, 6 months; Bleaching Powders at 2¾@3½c; and an invoice of 250 tons Crude Brimstone at a price kept secret. Camphor is held higher. Shellac has advanced.

FEATHERS—There are very few offering, and the sales have been only in small lots at 40@42c ₩ lb, on time.

FISH—Mackerel are held very firmly, but the demand is limited. Small sales from store, at $11@11,50 ₩ bbl for No 1's; $12 for extra do; $10@10,25 for No 2's, and $9@9,25 for No 3's. Prices of Codfish and Herring continue as last quoted, with but limited sales.

FRUIT—A cargo of Palermo Oranges and Lemons has partly been disposed of on private terms. Raisins are held with much firmness, but there is very little demand for them. By auction, 16 cases Smyrna Figs sold at 7c, and 600 drums at 5¾c ₩ lb, cash. Dried Apples continue dull, and 20,000 pounds were sold at 5¾@6c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches come forward slowly, but there is not much demand for them. Small sales at 11@12c for unpared halves, and 15@16c for prime pared, as in quality. Green Apples are scarce. The market is not so well supplied with Cranberries. Sales at $10@11 ₩ bbl.

GINSENG—But little offering. Small sales of Crude at 45@50c ₩ lb, cash.

GUANO—There is little or no demand, and prices continue as last quoted.

HEMP—There is but little stock here, and no further sales have been reported.

HIDES—Are held with more firmness, but no sales have come under our notice.

HOPS—Attract but little attention. Small sales of new crop Eastern and Western at 6@11c ₩ lb, and 50 bales old at about 2c.

INDIGO—Meets a very limited inquiry. Small sales of Bengal at $1,35 ₩ lb.

IRON—There has been more inquiry for Pig Metal, but at prices below the views of holders, and the transactions have been confined to 500 tons Anthracite at $21 ₩ ton, cash, for No 1, and $19 for No 2. Blooms are unchanged. Scotch Pig is not wanted, and prices are entirely nominal. Small sales of Bar and Boiler Iron at our quotations.

LEAD—The stock is light and holders firmer in their demands, but no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—There has been a fair inquiry for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, and prices are steadily maintained.

LUMBER—The transactions in all descriptions have been of an unimportant character, and prices are nominal.

MOLASSES—Supplies come forward slowly, but the market has been extremely quiet, and the only sales reported are 250 bbls New Orleans at 28@29c, on time; a small lot of Cuba, by auction, at 22½c, cash, and 100 bbls New York Syrup at 28@35c.

NAVAL STORES—The stocks of all descriptions are light. Small sales of No. 1 Rosin at $3,75 and No. 2 at $3. Tar and Pitch unchanged. Spirits of Turpentine is in steady demand. Sales at 44@45c, cash and 60 days, now held higher.

OILS—There has been more inquiry for Linseed, in consequence of the advance in Seed, and prices are higher. Sales at about 50@53c, closing at the latter rate. The sales of Fish Oils are confined to small lots from store within the range of our former quotations. Lard Oil is very dull, but there is not much coming forward. We quote, in the absence of sales, No. 1 Winter at 65@70c, 60 days.

PLASTER—Little or none offering, and no sales have come under our notice. It is worth $3 ₩ ton.

RICE—There has been a steady demand, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 120 casks, in lots, at 3¾@3¾c ₩ lb, on time.

SALT—An import of about 1900 sacks Ashton's Fine sold at about $1,40, on time.

SEEDS—Clover seed continues in good demand, and several lots sold at $5,37½@5,62½ ₩ 64 lbs, closing at $5,38@5,50, and 30 tons and 600 bags recleaned, from second hands, for export, at 9c ₩ lb. Timothy sells slowly at $2,25@2,50 ₩ bushel, and Flaxseed is wanted at $1,35.

SPICES—Nutmegs are held rather higher, but in other kinds the sales have been unimportant.

SPIRITS—The demand for Brandy and Gin has been limited at our former quotations. N. E. Rum commands 37@40c. Whiskey is in steady demand. Sales of 1000 barrels at 20@20½c for Pennsylvania; 21 cents for Ohio and Prison; 20 cents for hhds, and 19 cents for Bridge.

SUGAR—The market has been quiet, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 300 hhds, mostly New Orleans, at 6@6¾c ₩ lb, on time.

TALLOW—Continues scarce. Sales of City Rendered at 11c ₩ lb, cash.

TEAS—There is very little demand for either Blacks or Greens, and we continue our former quotations.

TOBACCO—About 20 hhds new crop Mason county sold at 7@15c ₩ lb, on time. The crop is superior to that of last year.

WINES—The sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—There has been rather more inquiry, but prices are unchanged. About 20,000 lbs were disposed of at 28@30c ₩ lb, cash, for Merino pulled, and Domestic for No 1.

A STAPLE ARTICLE.

We would call the attention of our friends to the following:

HAVERHILL, MASS., Feb. 7, 1857.

Dear Sir:—Permit me the pleasure of stating to you the gratification I have in vending, and the universal favor *Hoofland's German Bitters* meet with, by nearly every person who has had occasion to test their virtues in this vicinity. This establishment has had the Agency of your Medicines since 1853, and I can safely say, there has been no remedy placed before the public within the scope of my knowledge that has met so much general favor and so worthily as the German Bitters. I have no hesitation in recommending them to our customers, suffering with diseases for which they are appropriate, feeling confident from past experience that they will do all, and even more, than is promised of them. *In Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, I defy an equal.* To Druggists I can recommend them as a safe investment, and to the public as a truly worthy remedy. Very truly yours,

To Dr. C. M. Jackson. CHAS. B. EMERSON.

These Bitters can be had of any druggist or dealer in medicines in the United States, Canadas, West Indies or South America, at 75 cents per bottle. They are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., and every bottle has his signature on the wrapper.

COLORING FLUIDS FOR THE HAIR ARE DANGEROUS.—Professor Wood's Hair Tonic restores the color, not by the sickly of silver process, but by a restoration of the healthy functions upon which the original and natural color of the hair and its moisture, its gloss, its life, and consequently its original beauty depended. Professor Wood, at the age of thirty-seven years was as gray as a man of eighty, and his hair was dry, thin and dead. Now he has not a single gray lock upon his crown, nor is his hair thin or dry, but soft, pliable and moist as that of a child of five years. This preparation acts upon the roots, for after an application, that portion of the hair nearest the scalp is found restored to the original color, whatever it was. While the ends of the hair are gray. Try Wood's HAIR TONIC, and do not apply any other till after you have this. With that resolution you will never have occasion to use a hair dye.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot, St. Louis, Mo., and New York,) are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers. Also by all Fancy and Toilet goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

P. K.

☞ There is no medicine, at the present day, I value as high as *Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer*. I have used it in my family for years, and in every instance it has proved a sovereign remedy. I tested its qualities to-day on a severe burn, and found it all that could be desired.

A. D. MILNE, Editor of Messenger.

PORTUGUESE COLONY, July 1st, 1857.

Messrs. Perry Davis & Son:—Gentlemen—Allow me, as an eye witness of the great good which your excellent medicine, the PAIN KILLER, has done among the exiles of Madeira, to state for the good of others, that it is now, and has been for five years, the great family medicine. We have found it excellent in fever and ague, in coughs, colds, dyspepsia, chronic and inflammatory rheumatism, croup, worms, piles, nervous headache, gravel, &c., &c. The introduction of the Pain Killer has been a great blessing to the whole colony. MANUEL J. GONSALVES,

Minister of the Gospel, and one of the Madeirians.

Sold by all medicine dealers.

FEVER AND AGUE.—AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY may be had in Jayne's Ague Mixture. It breaks the Chills, strengthens the system, removes the distressing nervousness which usually attends the disease, and effects a permanent cure. Read the following testimonials:—

LOWELL, La Salle Co., Ill., Jan. 21, 1858.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son:—Gentlemen—I think it my duty to give you a certificate, in return for the comfort that your Ague Mixture has given me. Being subject to attacks of the fever and ague, I had taken many kinds of medicines, but to no effect. By the use of one bottle of your Mixture, taken in accordance with the directions, I am now entirely relieved of the symptoms of a return of the complaint. I do not hesitate to say, that your Mixture is the best remedy for the fever and ague.

JOSEPH SHEVERINGTON.

I hereby coincide with the above statement, as your Mixture has cured me of the same distressing malady.

MICHAEL RYAN.

The Ague Mixture is prepared only by Dr. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States.

feb6-4t

A CURE FOR BRONCHITIS.—There are many well attested cases of cures of this distressing complaint by the use of the Wild Cherry, as combined by Dr. Wistar in his famous Cough Balsam, which medicine has a world-wide reputation.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

MR. W. JOHN gives information about Dresden's Schools, pensionates, etc., to all who want to send their young relations here, when asked in letters, *all post-paid*. Address Dresden Gr. Plauengasse 22. feb6-2t

A LADY

WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, Mrs. MARY E. DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free, by next post. dec26-3t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE ROWLETTE, to Miss ELIZABETH CUMMINS, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. ISAAC BENJAMIN, to Miss MARIBA A. CURRY, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, in the Rev. John McDowell, Mr. M. VAN KIRK, of Wilmington, Del., to Miss EMMA J., daughter of John Widener, Esq., both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. ROBERT UNGER, to Miss CATHARINE LAUGHT, both of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Hutter, Dr. DAVID KUPLENBROK, of Springfield, Ohio, to Miss CAROLINE E. SHUETER, of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. RALPH HEINOR, to Miss ANN E. DAVIES.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. JOHN H. BOND, of Hartford county, Md. to Miss ELIZABETH A. JOHNSON, of this city.

In Washington City, on the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Father Knight, Mr. WILLIAM H. MCGINNIS, of Philadelphia, to Mrs. MARY E. STEWART, of Washington City.

On the 25th of Nov. by the Rev. John C. Clay, Mr. WILLIAM H. RICHARDS, to Miss RAY, daughter of John S. Baily, Esq. both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Street, Mr. JOHN CANNING, to Miss MARY, adopted daughter of Capt. Wm. D. Franks, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, Mr. LARKIN MILNOR, aged 49 years.
On the 2d instant, EDWARD FARLEY, aged 58 years.
On the 1st instant, Miss ANNIE M., daughter of H. S. and A. E. Benner, aged 17 years.
On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. SARAH BALLENTINE, aged 56.
On the 31st ultimo, HANNAH, wife of Richard Edge, aged 39 years.
On the 31st ultimo, MARGARET, wife of B. Murray, aged 67 years.
On the 1st instant, Rev. R. W. THOMAS, M. D. aged 42 years.
On the 1st instant, CHARLES A. LADOMUS, aged 75.
On the 2d instant, SAMUEL GILLEN, aged 34 years.
On the 1st instant, MARY SMITH, aged 25 years.
On the 1st instant, THOMAS BUTLER, aged 69 years.
On the 1st instant, ELLEN, widow of the late Francis McDermott, aged 70 years.
On the 30th ultimo, RICHARD R. JONES, Jr. aged 26.
At the Seminary, Bethlehem, Pa. on the 30th ultimo, Miss EMMA M. RITTENHOUSE, aged 22 years.
On the 31st ultimo, GEORGE LAUER, aged 20 years.
On the 31st ultimo, MARY B. wife of N. F. Costello, aged 31 years.
On the 30th ultimo, JAMES C. CRISPEEN, Jr. aged 29.
On the 31st ultimo, ALEX. HARPER, aged 43 years.
On the 30th ultimo, ANN E. wife of Daniel Corliss, aged 43 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. ANNA E. COMFORT, aged 66.
On the 30th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM H. BURTON, aged 42.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.

No. 20 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, February 6, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		Solvent banks	24 dis
Solvent banks	11 dis	Relief notes	24 dis
Relief notes	4 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	3 dis
Solvent banks	1 to par dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 to 5 dis
Solvent banks	1 to par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	4 dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	1 to 2 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	State bank	1½ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	1 dis	Old banks	8 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	1 dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	3½ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	2 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston	20 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	5 dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1 dis		

$100 A MONTH.—WANTED, 300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN. Capital of $25 only required. For particulars, enclose stamp, and address
feb13-6t A. B. MARTYN, Plaistow, N. H.

EMPLOYMENT.—$30 A MONTH AND ALL expenses paid. An AGENT is WANTED in every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly made. For full particulars, address C. MONNETT & Co., corner of Broome and Mercer Sts., New York City, inclosing one postage stamp. feb6-3t

Q. & A. LIGHTBODY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PRINTING INKS,
NO. 41 ANN ST., NEW YORK.

Printing Inks of all qualities and colors. Also, Varnishes Size, &c., furnished promptly, and in quantities to suit purchasers.

☞ ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED. ☜
ap12-6m

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,

No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

| | Bid. | Asked. | |

Wit and Humor.

THE LEVIATHAN LAUNCH.

MR. PUNCH deems it proper to say, with reference to the launch of the *Leviathan*, that he, of course, could have got her into the water at the shortest notice, and without the slightest difficulty. But he preferred to adhere to his practice of minding his own business, and letting other people mind theirs. Had he been called in by Mr. Brunel, *Mr. Punch's* best services would have been at that gentleman's disposal; and that he could have exhausted all the resources of science will be evident from the following selection from about fifteen hundred letters which he has received upon the subject. Most of them are of a more practical character than the majority of suggestions which have been printed by his good natured contemporaries:—

"DEAR PUNCH,—Brunel knows nothing about anything. I could launch the ship in six hours. She is made of iron, is she not? Well, I would cast at Woolwich, and place on the opposite side of the river ten large magnets, to be prepared under Dr. Faraday's direction. They should be twenty-three feet from end to end, which, subdivided by the cube of the vessel's momentum gives the duplicate ratio of force required, as any charity-boy knows. Unless there be no such thing as attraction, she would be steadily drawn down into the stream without rams, jams, crams, trams, or dams.

"Yours obediently,

"*Pig Iron Works.*" "TOM TUG."

"SIR,—It is from no desire to advertise my own goods, but from a conscientious conviction that there is but one way to launch the gigantic vessel which does so much honor to British industry and skill, that I presume to trouble you with this letter. I am a manufacturer of that graceful and instructive toy, the Child's Balloon. I propose that Mr. Brunel should purchase of me about 500,000 of my balloons, and attach them to his vessel. They would raise her into the air, and she must be guided down to the river. I would either take back the balloons at quarter price, or they might be sold to the public in memory of the event.

"Your obedient servant,

"*St. Mary Haze.*" "BLADDERY POP."

"SIR,—These scoundrel Sepoys! Why not launch the vessel with *them?* Send 'em over in thousands, myriads if you like, harness 'em to the ship, and flog 'em like blazes till they run her down to the water. They'll all be drowned, you'll say. Well, so much the better.

"Yours (in haste),

"SALMO FEROX."

"*Army and Navy Club.*"

"DEAR SIR,—Why not try Electricity? The vessel, being iron, is made for the purpose. Get a brewery vat, turn it into a battery, and lay on the conductor. She would jump, bang, into the middle of the river, and settle like a sea-gull.

"Your obedient servant,

"TYCHO BRAHE."

"*Electric Telegraph Office.*"

"SIR,—I am an old naval gunner. Did you ever witness the effect of a broadside? If so, you will comprehend my suggestion for getting off my big neighbor, the *Leviathan*. Lay fifty of the largest ship's guns with their breeches against her iron side. Load them heavily, and fire them all at once. Their united recoil would shove her into the stream.

"Yours respectfully,

"ABRAHAM LINSTOCK."

"*Greenwich Hospital.*"

"SIR,—We are taught by the Constitution that the House of Commons is omnipotent, and that its resolution must be obeyed. I therefore propose, should the vessel not be launched by the 4th of February, to take the following course: As the vessel is on the ways, I conceive that the House must go into Ways and Means, and therefore I shall first move the House into Committee, and then the ship into the river. "I have the honor, &c.,

"*Woburn Abbey.*" "JOHN RUSSELL."

(*To be Discontinued.*)

—*London Punch.*

AN ALABAMA CONSTABLE AFTER ET AL.—An Alabama correspondent of *The Mobile Advertiser*, justly proud of the good things of his native State, writes to that paper as follows:

"A certain fat constable in the county of C——w, State of Alabama, once received a writ from a Justice of the Peace, known as Josh M——n. The case was E—— vs. D—— *et al.* The good constable, who was more famed for his honesty than literary attainments, was sorely puzzled at *et al.* So, after keeping the writ for a week, he entered the Justice's office with much anxiety depicted on his countenance, and saluted Squire Josh with this exclamation: 'Josh, who's the *et al?* I've been looking for him all over the county for a week, and I can't find him. I don't believe there's any sich man in C——w.'"

TAXABLE PROPERTY.—The following is a literal copy of the list handed in to the assessors, under the laws of Connecticut, requiring a sworn list of all taxable property:

E—— B—— list for 1857:

To 35 akers of land worth $400. House and barn nothin atal cakey a place where theefes and Robbers brakes into and steels all I put into them.

My head which people sees I muss put it which is so weeke and feebel is not worth nothin atal.

My wife is no use to me atal, and she is gon all the time nothin at all.

10 Sheape	$32,00
One old tom Cat	25
One Kitse half prise	12½

—*Providence Journal.*

HOW TO CARVE YOUR FORTUNE.—Cut your poor relations, and slice away as deeply as you can into the pockets of others. Help yourself always first, before you think of helping anybody else, and help no man that is not likely to help you in return. Be careful about forking out, until you have secured as much as, if not more than, you want.

HOW TO CARVE YOUR WAY THROUGH A CROWD.—Get a chimney-sweep to walk before you.

HOW TO CARVE YOURSELF A NAME.—Fine chiselling will do it, so that your name, in a short time, will figure very largely in all the police reports.

THE BEST WAY OF CARVING A GOOSE.—Cut him up finely, in the presence of his lady-love.

LOVE AND PHYSIC.

A clever man was Dr. Dig,
Misfortunes well he bore,
He never lost his patience till
He had no patients more;
And though his practice once was large,
It did not swell his gains,
The pains he labored for were these but
The labor for his pains.

Though "art is long," his cash got short,
And well might Galen dread it,
For who will trust a name unknown,
When merit gets no credit?
To marry seemed the only way
To ease his mind of trouble,
Misfortunes never singly come,
And misery makes them double.

He had a patient, rich and fair,
That hearts by scores were breaking,
And as he once had felt her wrist,
He thought her hand of taking;
But what the law makes strangers do,
Did strike his comprehension;
Who live in these United States,
Do first declare intention.

And so he called—his beating heart
With anxious fears was swelling—
And half in habit took her hand,
And on her tongue was dwelling;
But thrice, though he essayed to speak,
He stopped, and stuck, and blundered,
For say, what mortal could be cool,
Whose pulse was most a hundred?

"Madame," at last he falters out—
His love had grown courageous—
"I have discerned a new complaint,
I hope to prove contagious;
And when the symptoms I relate,
And show its diagnosis,
Ah, let me hope from those dear lips,
Some favorable prognosis."

"This done," he cries, "lets tie those ties
Which none but death can sever;
Since 'like cures like' I do infer
That love cures love forever."
He paused—she blushed, however strange
It seems on first perusal,
Although there was no promise made,
She gave him a refusal.

"I cannot marry one who lives
By other folks' distresses—
The man I marry I must love,
Nor fear his fond caresses;
For who, whatever be their sex,
However strange the case is,
Would like to have a doctor's bill
Stuck up into their faces?"

Perhaps you think 'twixt love and rage
He took some deadly potion,
Or with his lancet breached a vein
To ease his pulse's motion.
To guess the vent of his despair,
The wisest ones might miss it:
He reached his office—then and there
He charged her for the visit.

A REFORM IN CRITICISM WRITING.—We have lately purchased French, Italian, Latin, Greek, German, and English dictionaries, and are now prepared to give our readers a criticism on the opera, which they can understand. We have been to much trouble, to translate our Musical Critic's article, and hope that the public will be proportionately grateful.

"Last Wednesday was the last night of Robert the Devil (*Robert le Diable,*) with the great cast of Mrs. the Grange (*Mad. la Grange,*) Mrs. Carioli, and Messrs. Brignoli, Labrocetta, and Charles Formes, in the principal parts. Mr. Charles Formes has a fine profound low (*basso profundo*) voice, which contrasts well in the three (*trio*) in the second act, with the robust tenor (*tenore robusto*) of Mr. Brignoli. Mrs. Carioli gave the air (*aria*) of "*Robert, thee whom I love,*" (*Robert, toi que j'aime,*) in a much less fresh-colored red (*florid*) manner than we are accustomed to hear it in, but the little park (this is the best translation of *parquette* we can give) seemed to be favorably struck with it. Mrs. the Grange's singing was, as usual, full of mind (*esprit*) and sympathy. The put-in-scene (*mise en-scene*) was good, and the audience appreciative, although the opera produced no fury (*furore.*) Mr. Charles Formes received many nose-gays (*bouquets*), and altogether, the performance was highly satisfactory. Miss Rolla's step alone (*pas seul*) in the third act, we must not omit to mention as fully worthy of the reputation borne by that female dancer (*danseuse.*)"—*New York Picayune.*

LEVELLING FOR LOVERS.—From Smiles to the Station at Kisses is 500 sighs, from Kisses to Pop-the-Question is 1,500 sighs, and from thence to the Terminus of Pa's-Consent is 2,500 sighs, making a grand total of 4,500 sighs. To arrive at Pa's Consent, however, the engine of Love has to ascend a steep incline, the gradients of which are enormous—2 in 3—causing a vast number of sighs to be heavily drawn in reaching it. Some sentimental surveyors have therefore proposed to facilitate the communication between Pop-the-Question and Pa's-Consent, (which may easily be done if they can raise sufficient capital,) or failing that, to form a loop-line to Ma's. Being personally interested in the undertaking, we wish it success with all our heart. The estimated saving is not far short of a thousand sighs!—*Punch.*

A SAILOR'S MAIN WANT.—We remember once seeing a specimen of a sailor's letter, which ran in this wise:

"Dear Jack—I want you to send me some pigtail tobacco, a tarpaulin hat, and a pair of duck trowsers. You must be sure and send the pigtail. If you forget everything else, don't *forget* the pigtail. Send me lots of pigtail.

"Your friend, TOM.

"N. B. Be sure and remember the pigtail.

"P. S. Don't forget the pigtail."

PROMOTION IN THE ENGLISH ARMY.—As promotion in the army is still a fertile subject of conversation, our readers will thank us for showing in a few words what promotion was like in the English army just a century ago. The following letter, written in 1757, is much to the point:—

To the Right Honorable the Secretary-at-War.

SIR—I was a Lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca, for which he was made a Lord. I was a Lieutenant with General Blakeney when he lost Minorca, for which he was made a Lord. I am a Lieutenant still.

I have, &c.

Mark the modesty of the appeal. Above all, mark the difference in the years. Minorca was taken in 1708, and lost in 1756—forty-eight years a Lieutenant! What must have been this man's feelings? We wonder what reply Fox—afterwards Lord Holland—who was then Secretary-at-War, made to so pointed an appeal. Is Fox's answer among the records of the War Office?—*London News.*

DELIGHTFUL BALL, ACCORDING TO THE REV. MR. SPURGEON.

Our readers doubtless have noticed the proposition credited to the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, that gentlemen should dance with gentlemen at parties. The *London Punch* illustrates the idea as above, and adds the following:—

THE SPURGEON QUADRILLES.

The following are the figures of these Quadrilles, as authorized by the reverend gentleman who has discovered that dancing is proper, but that partners being of opposite sexes is not so. The Quadrilles are sold with Mr. Spurgeon's portrait and autograph.

I.

Ladies advance and leave the room. Opposite gentlemen advance, groan, and retire. Sides the same. Set to partners, and turn up eyes to ceiling. All jump as high as possible till tired.

II.

Gentlemen rise and leave the room. Ladies enter and to places. Dance *ad libitum*, and that only waltz, polka, or mazurka be permitted.

III.

Ladies leave the room. First gentleman advance, sing a hymn, and run round the room as hard as he can go. Second and others follow, and all run round together, and finally out at the door.

IV.

Ladies enter, and to places. Stand still, beating time with one foot whilst first lady recites hymn. All round. Opposite lady the same, and then sides. Walk slowly from room.

V.

All go home, but separately, mind, and a deacon is to take care that the ladies shawl one another, and that there is no nonsense about being "seen home," and the like.

Agricultural.

ASTONISHING PERFORMANCE.

On the 13th of January, at Windsor (Eng.), Mr. J. S. Rarey, from the United States of America, had the honor of exhibiting before her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the royal family and suite, in the riding-house, his miraculous power over the horse. Several animals were selected as subjects of his experiments.—He commenced with a wild colt eighteen months old, belonging to the Prince Consort, which was brought from Shaw Farm, and which had never been handled, except by halter, and had been chosen by Colonel Hood for the occasion. After being alone with the animal for about an hour and a half, the royal party entered, and found Mr. Rarey sitting on its back, without holding the rein, the horse standing perfectly quiet. Mr. Rarey then made a few remarks in regard to his great experience in the treatment of this noble animal; a drum was afterwards handed to Mr. Rarey, which he beat with fury whilst sitting on the horse's back, without the colt exhibiting any signs of fear. The royal party afterwards withdrew for a few minutes, and on their return found the animal lying down, and Mr. Rarey knocking its hind legs together, one of which he put against his face.

Afterwards a restive horse, from Mr. Anderson's stables, in London, which Mr. Rarey said he had before handled, was placed at one end of the riding-house alone. Mr. Rarey went to the other end, and at his command the horse walked quietly up to him. He then made the horse lie down in the presence of the Queen, when Mr. Rarey crawled between his hind legs, and over him in various ways. Mr. Rarey then rolled the horse on his back. The horse was afterwards placed in various positions, in which it stood without holding, and without a bridle.

A third horse, selected by Mr. Meyers, the riding-master, as a very nervous animal, was then brought in, and in a few minutes afterwards it was made by Mr. Rarey to do all which had been done by the other horses. At the conclusion of this exhibition of Mr. Rarey's wonderful power over the horse, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort expressed to Mr. Rarey his gratification and thanks. The secret has been entrusted to Major-General Richard Airey, in confidence, who has pronounced that there is nothing in the treatment but what any horseman would approve of. The secret will be made known when a sufficient number of subscribers have been obtained.

SOWING YELLOW LOCUST SEED.—As locust timber for posts and other purposes are becoming scarce and consequently increasing in price, it may be well for each owner of a farm or plantation, according to the size of his estate, to sow a few quarts of locust seed, to raise young trees for the formation of a grove or groves.

It will not be time for some weeks to sow the seed, but we anticipate it to enable our readers to make the necessary arrangements and preparations. The ground to be selected should be a deep, well exposed loam. It should be manured, ploughed deep, harrowed, and the seed sown very thinly in drills 4 feet apart, 2 inches deep.

Preparation of the Seed.—Before being sown, the seed should be soaked in *hot water* for 24 hours. All the seed which, on being stirred, floats on the surface of the water, should be skimmed off and cast aside. The plants when they come up must be kept clean. At one and two years old the young trees will be fit for transplantation; they should then be set out in a deep, warm soil, which has been well manured, deeply ploughed, harrowed and rolled. The rows should be 12 feet wide, the trees 10 feet apart in the rows, which will give 363 trees to the acre. In fifteen years they will be large enough to cut for posts. For ship-building purposes they may be cut in from 20 to 25 years, when each well grown tree will be worth $3 or $4.—*American Farmer.*

☞ One rose upon a bush, though but a little one, proves that which bears it to be a true rose tree.

WORK ON A SUGAR PLANTATION.

A correspondent, who spent last winter on a sugar plantation in Louisiana, gives us the following interesting account of the planting, cultivation, and manufacture of the sugar crop in that State:

"Last winter, most of my time was spent on a sugar plantation in Louisiana. I found that upon a well cultivated plantation the product was about 2,400 pounds of sugar, and 2,000 pounds, or 160 gallons of molasses per acre, and upon the plantation that I was visiting, their mill produced 1,000 gallons of juice per hour, about twenty hours in a day, giving ten hogsheads of sugar, or 12,000 pounds, and twenty barrels of molasses, or 800 gallons, weighing 12 pounds per gallon.

"In Louisiana the cane never ripens, and therefore is allowed to grow as long as it can be done with safety from frost. In the latter part of October they commence by saving their seed, that is by cutting the cane they need for planting, and securing it by placing it in mats, so called, on the ground, say twenty feet by forty, resting it on an embankment, with the butts on the ground at an angle of about twenty degrees, and leaving a mass of tops on the surface a foot deep, and forming a perfect protection from frost.

"Next they commence taking off thin crops. Every negro has at all times in his possession a cane knife, like a butcher's cleaver, and kept very sharp. With the back of the knife he knocks off the dry leaves, and cuts off the stock as of no value where the leaves are green. Should a frost come whilst they are making sugar, the work is stopped, and all hands are employed winnowing the cane in the fields, as a fermentation commences immediately, if it is allowed to stand.

"After making the sugar they commence planting, which is done once for three years. No manure is used. It is planted by burying two lines of canes in a plough furrow, and cultivated like corn in rows, seven feet apart. The fourth year the land is put in corn and peas. After the corn is gathered the stacks and peas are ploughed in, and the land is ready for cane again.

"The cane is as certain as any large crop we have. The unusual cold for three winters past has diminished the crop from 440,000 hhds in 1853, to 73,000 last year. But this year the crop will be 250 to 300,000 hhds; and if we have a mild winter may be as large next year as in 1853, when the planters sold their molasses for four cents a gallon, or three pounds for a cent."—*Exchange Paper.*

WORK IN THE GARDEN—FEBRUARY.—Presuming that you have garden frames, and that they are ready to receive seeds for early vegetables, we will point out a few kinds of seeds that should be sown about the middle of the month.

Sowing Seeds.—Cabbage seeds of different sorts, both early and late, so that your supply of cabbages may be continued from early summer till fall. *Tomato* seed to raise plants for the early crop; *Egg-Plant* seed for do.; *Cauliflower* seed for do.; *Celery* seed for do. By sowing Radish seed thinly through your hot-beds among the other seeds, you may secure an early supply without doing injury to the others.

GRAPE-VINES.—Prune those without delay; tie up the parts left for the formation of fruit.—Then dig in around the roots slightly a compost comprised of 6 parts rotten dung, 1 part ashes and 1 part bone dust.

RASPBERRY VINES.—As soon as the weather permits, tie these up, and dig in around the roots a compost comprised of 7 parts rotten dung and 1 part ashes.—*American Farmer (Baltimore).*

CURE FOR THUMPS IN SWINE.—A correspondent of "The Cotton Planter," says:—"I have frequently had cases of thumps among my hogs. My remedy is to tar the corn which they eat, which I have never known to fail to effect a cure if taken in time. My manner of preparing the food is simply to have a bucket of tar at my feeding ground, tarring each ear of corn as I throw it to them. If this plan is commenced soon after Christmas, and continued one or two months, my experience is, that few if any hogs would have thumps."

CURE FOR THE GARGET.—Some two or three years since we published the following recipe for curing garget, and from actual experiment in this vicinity, we *know* it to be a good one. Mr. Lowell Greenleaf writes to one of our agricultural exchanges, (we have lost the credit,) giving an account of his trials of the recipe and its results as follows:—

"Having had a cow that was almost worthless on account of bunches in the udder which rendered the milk bloody, and stringy, and not fit for the hogs, I was on the eve of giving her up for lost, when I used the following recipe, which in three weeks restored her to perfection, and not the slightest symptom of garget has appeared since. I could cite numerous cases of perfect cure. And not only doubling the quantity, but also improving the quality, of the milk and butter. Since I applied this remedy, my cow has, in two years risen in value from $20 to $75:—

"*Recipe.*—An ounce and a half of hydriodate of potash, at 440 grains to the ounce, will contain 660 grains. Put the whole into a glass bottle of sufficient capacity, with fifty-five tablespoonsful of cold water. Shake briskly, and it will be thoroughly dissolved in a few minutes; one tablespoonful will contain a dose, the requisite quantity of 12 grains. Wet a little Indian meal or shorts and thoroughly stir in the dose. Give two or three doses a day. Keep the bottle corked tight."—*Exchange Paper.*

PRUNING PEACH TREES.—I found some stunted and neglected peach trees, in a lot I purchased, standing in old sod, which, after turning over the sod around them, I boldly topped in the Fall—cutting away nearly all the limbs, as I had seen recommended in your paper. Some said I had spoiled or killed my trees. Last Summer I had a crop of good peaches on these trees, and now they all have fine thrifty branches, while my neighbor's trees just over the fence look scrawny and black, and they bore fruit about the size of a hickory nut.

I advised him to serve his trees as I did mine, but he, good soul, don't believe that the vigorous pruning, with a loosened soil and slight manuring alone worked the wonder, but thinks I did something more to them which I chose to keep a secret! He is *afraid* to prune his trees—and so are many others: who, in consequence, have short lived trees and poor fruit. I am now satisfied that the peach tree must be boldly pruned, and suppose it may be done just *now* as well as at any time. One season's fruit may be lost by it, but you will then have renewed young trees in place of the old and unprofitable ones. —*Corres. of American Agriculturist.*

WASHING HORSES.—In regard to the care of horses, Sir George Stephen says:

Whenever it is necessary to wash a horse's legs, do it in the morning. Most grooms act on a different principle, wash them as soon as the animal comes in. I am satisfied this is a bad practice. When the roads are dirty, and the weather wet, and the legs being already soaked, washing can do no harm; but to deluge the legs with water, the moment a horse enters the yard, heated with exercise, is to my mind as unnatural and absurd, as to jump into a shower bath, after playing an hour at cricket. My plan is a rubbing down with straw and a dry brush, and the next morning wash as clean as soap and water can make them. Pick and wash the soles as soon as a horse comes in.

POTATO OATS.—The potato oat I prefer to any of our other oats, the straw being much longer and yielding more to the acre on the same soil than any of our other oats. Poland oats, if grown on good soil, will give a heavier grain, but being solitary grained will not yield the weight per acre of potato oats. The Poland also sheds fast, and requires to be harvested to a day; if they get wet in the sheaf and have to be opened, they will lose nearly half. Potato oats will stand a great deal of bad harvesting; in fact, I know of no oat that will stand so much without shedding. It should be a general oat, and when it is we can buy and sell by weight, which is far preferable for all parties.—*Gerald Howatt. Newton, N. J., in Country Gentleman.*

SKELETON FLOWERS AND LEAVES.—The leaves and flowers of plants are all formed of a frame work, beautiful and delicate in the extreme, composed of woody fibre, corresponding to the skeleton of animals, and between the interstices of these fibres is gathered the softer material, forming the leaf or flower. If the leaf be taken and placed in water and left in the same water for from three to four months, all this soft matter decays, and the stem may be taken in the hand and the refuse shaken away. There remains behind a network or skeleton of the original object, which can be bleached with a little lime, and it forms a most lovely decoration for the mantel-piece of the tasty. The leaves of the ivy, the stinkpod of the stromonium, (which is now to be found exactly ripe for steeping,) the oak leaf, and, in fact, every production of the vegetable world, are not only applicable, but show themselves with greater beauty when skeletonized than when perfect.

THE SCULPTURE OF HABIT.—Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is not struck out at a single beat. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough cast it. Ten thousand chisel-points polish and perfect it—put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed forever and unchanging in the solid marble. Well, so does a man under the leadings of the Spirit, or the teachings of Satan, carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul—habits of love, and purity, and truth—habits of falsehood, malice, and uncleanness, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One.—*Plain Parochial Sermons.*

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN GREATNESS AND MEANNESS.—What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think.—This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 18, 27, 10, is part of the human frame.
My 2, 4, 19, is an insect.
My 3, 12, 7, 14, is a ruler.
My 7, 23, is an interjection.
My 9, 16, 5, 6, 2, is a hollow place.
My 11, 7, 5, 23, is a nickname.
My 13, 16, 27, is a period of time.
My 15, 25, 18, is a small barrel.
My 17, 4, 1, is a kind of fruit.
My 19, 15, expresses safety.
My 21, 26, 19, is a numeral.
My 23, 6, is a nickname.
My 25, 7, 14, is part of the human body.
My 27, 24, are consonants.
My whole was the name of a King and his people.

A. P. NUTT.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CINROS

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 15, 6, 20, is an American poetess.
My 23, 22, 20, 4, 18, 6, 7, is an American poetess.
My 18, 11, 19, 22, is an American poetess.
My 4, 6, 9, 15, is an American poetess.
My 10, 22, 20, 25, 14, 2, is an American poetess.
My 18, 19, 4, 1, 18, 6, 24, 25, is an American poetess.
My 9, 3, 8, 16, 20, 23, was a French poet.
My 17, 11, 25, 12, was Saracen poet.
My 20, 23, 5, 8, 4, 25, 23, 2, was a Greek poet.
My whole is an American poetess.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.
My 8, 20, 29, 1, 7, was the god of Wealth.
My 29, 10, 9, 44, 5, was a son of Neptune.
My 11, 1, 3, was the goddess of Revenge.
My 4, 7, 12, 29, 30, was a noted robber, son of Vulcan.
My 22, 23, 34, 37, 36, 38, was one of the Centaurs.
My 43, 19, 20, 21, 28, were priests of Mars.
My 2, 27, 32, 35, 25, 9, 39, 33, was a daughter of Pontus and Terra.
My 16, 8, 11, 40, 33, 27, were sacrifices to honor of Ops.
My 15, 18, 35, 5, 32, were gods of the Fields and Woods.
My 16, 39, 41, 20, 31, 5, 35, 3, was one of the Nine Muses.
My 24, 42, 38, 21, 32, 9, 7, was a city in Egypt built by a son of Neptune.
My 26, 17, 40, 28, 23, was one of the "Pillars of Hercules."
My 31, 3, 10, 24, 3, 32, 36, 30, was the keeper of "Pluto's Palace."
My whole is the name of a Latin work together with that of its author.

Cedar Rapids. STUDIOSUS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, soft as a gentle summer's breeze,
Does o'er our stubborn natures steal,
But when with anger's tongue is forced,
Oft leaves a wound we cannot heal.

In this large world of joy and grief,
All things have their parts to play,
And of my second each has a share,
E'en the moon's bright silvery ray.

An English bard you'll find my whole,
Whose verse much praise has won,
On Albion's green and sunny banks
He died where oft he sung.

Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is very often seen
In city, in village or town—
You have used it no doubt,
When you travelled about.
My second on a King's crown,
The centre-piece you'll always find;
You'll understand what 'tis I mean,
When you find it out.
My third, without doubt,
Is used when your clothes are washed clean;
If to fish you're inclined,
You would use it, I ween.
My whole was fair and gentle—endowed with noble mind—
A wronged and persecuted Queen.

GARMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a small insect,
Learn of it and be wise;
If you've travelled over the land,
My second has met your eyes;
My whole is a habitation,
Often filled with supplies.

Pequea, Pa. A. K. BOWRY.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Red bath. 2. I stave ire.
3. In pots. 4. Trial cage.
5. Pe romantic. 6. I saw it cotton.
7. Steer tin. 8. Try a lie.
9. Can More.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The two equal sides AB BC of an isosceles triangle ABC are each 50 rods, and the base AC is 60 rods. AB, one of the equal sides, being bisected in D, it is required to find a point E in BC, the other equal side, such that DE being joined and continued till it cut the base AC produced in F, the triangle ECF may be half the given triangle ABC, and also the sides of the triangle ECF.

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ How do you know there were railroads in the days of Solomon? Ans.—Because it is stated that when the Queen of Sheba visited him, "she came with a great train."

☞ What wind do the ladies like best, and why? Ans.—The *north* wind, of course, because it *brings the chops to their lips.*"

☞ Why is a man with a bad cold like a sheet? Ans.—Because he is a *coffer* (cougher).

☞ What must you do to a *tea-table* to make it fit to eat? Ans.—Take away the *tea* (T), and then it becomes *eatable!*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The riddler's column in the Saturday Evening Post. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—H. G. R. Mirabeau. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. CHARADE.—Hattie (hat-tie). CHARADE.—Armstrong. CHARADE.—Nightmare. ANAGRAMS.—Nassabee, Henderson, Antarctic, Illustrate, St. Lawrence, South America, Palestine, Limestone, Decatur, Nantesmond, Albemarles, Chesterfield. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—A's age 21; B's 16; C's 28.

THE LILIES.—A traveller in Palestine says:—"Not far from the probable site where the sermon on the Mount was delivered, our guide plucked two flowers, supposed to be of that species to which our Lord alluded when He said: 'Consider the lilies of the field.' The calyx of this giant lily resembled crimson velvet; and the gorgeous flower was of white and lilac, and truly no earthly monarch could have been 'arrayed' more gloriously than 'one of these.' Such is the testimony of nature to the words spoken by our Lord."